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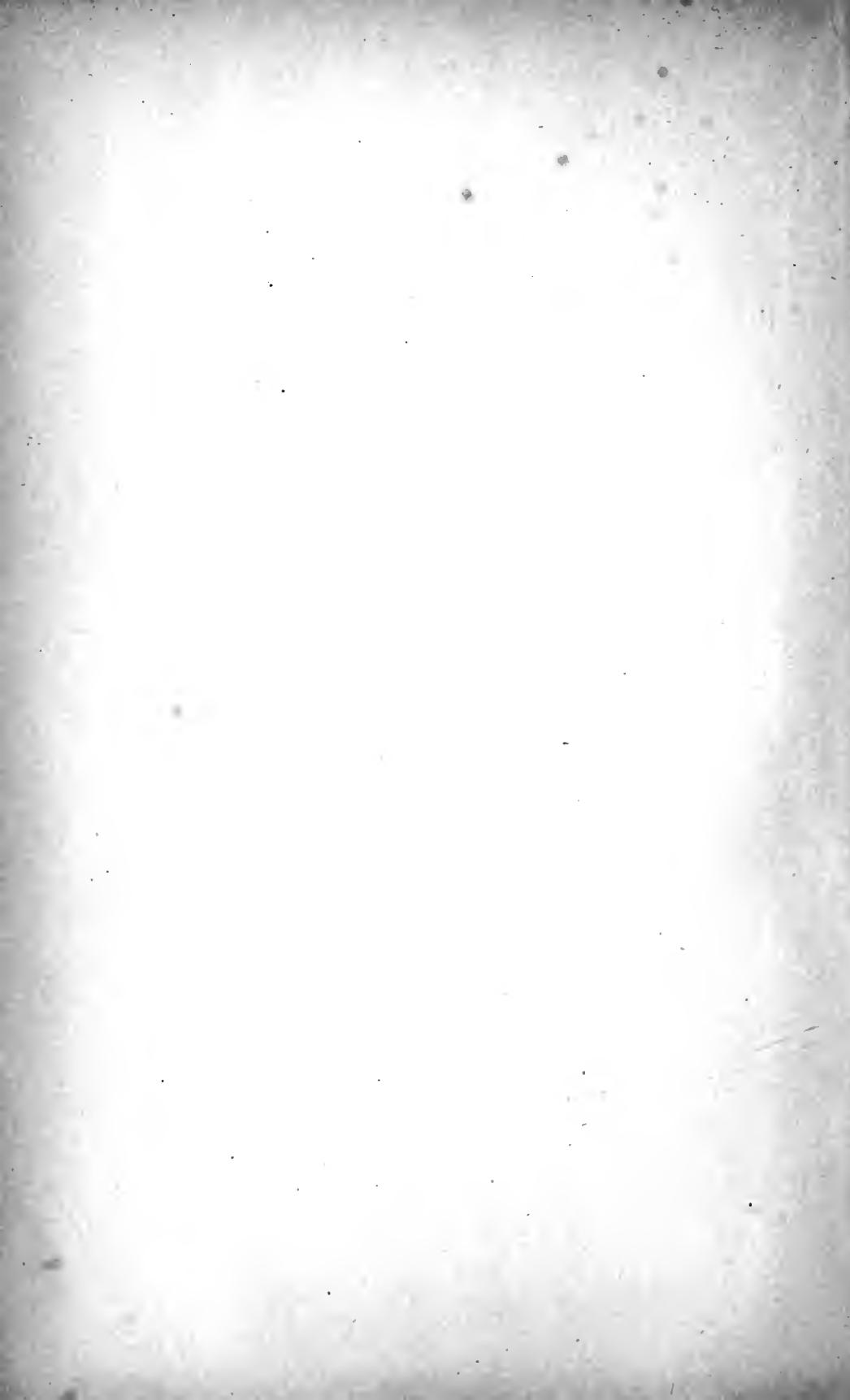
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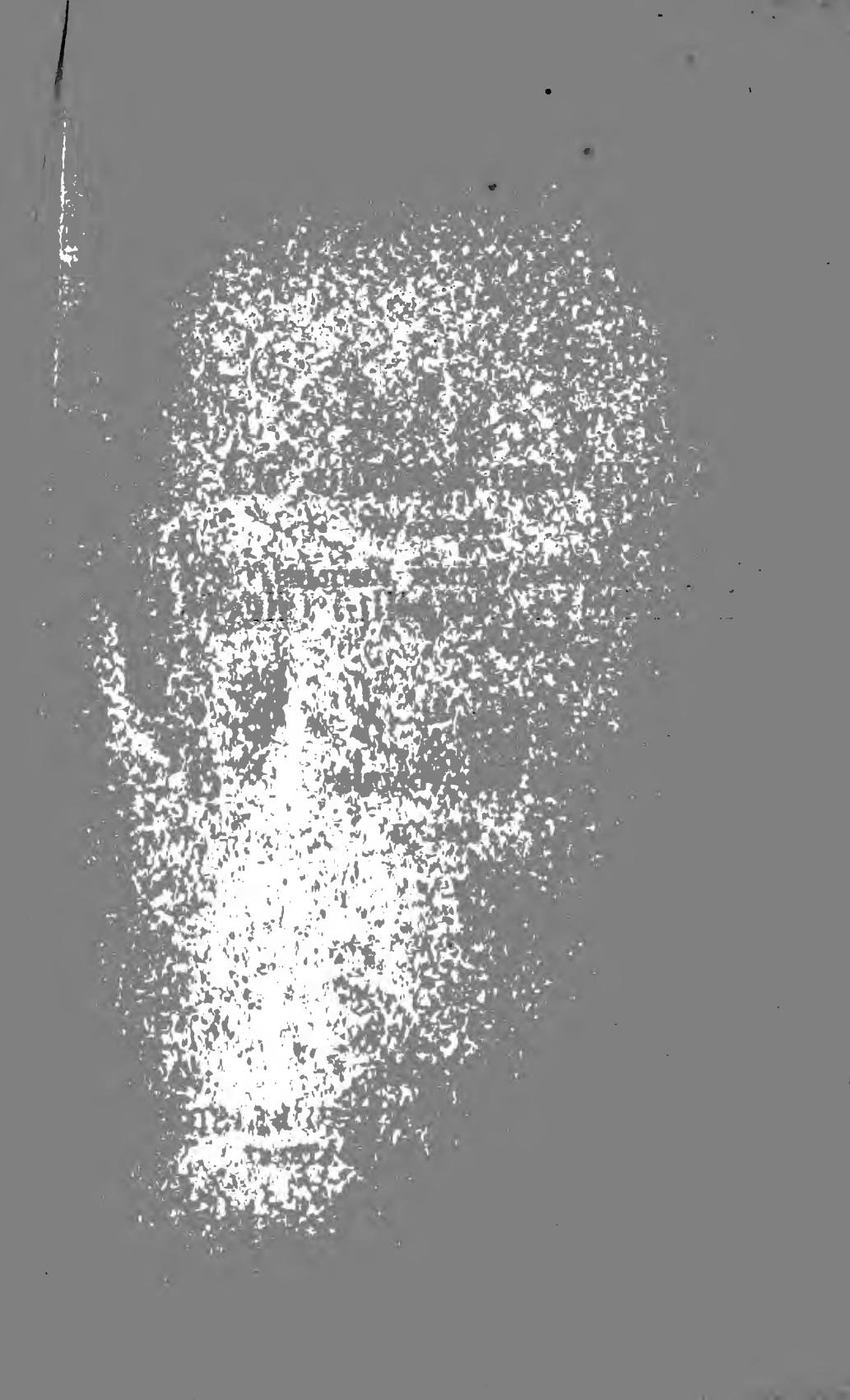


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# **CHAPTERS FROM FAMILY CHESTS.**

**VOL. II.**



# CHAPTERS FROM FAMILY CHESTS

BY

EDWARD WALFORD, M.A.

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“THE COUNTY FAMILIES,”  
ETC., ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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## CHAPTERS FROM FAMILY CHESTS.

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### THE RISE OF THE PHIPPSES.

I do not know that in the whole range of houses connected with the peerage there is to be found a family whose rise to wealth and high titles has been more truly the result of accident than that of the Phippses, Earls of Mulgrave and Marquises of Normanby. A reference to the genealogical portion of Burke's Peerage will explain my meaning.

Three centuries ago the Phippses were plain, untitled gentlemen, or possibly only yeomen, in Lincolnshire. One of their number—a Mr. William Phipps, the first whose name appears in the annals of the country, or even of his county

—appears to have raised a regiment of horse soldiers for the service of King Charles during the Civil Wars. But this loyal act was not at all likely to have helped him in a pecuniary sense ; for, with very rare exceptions, Charles II. seems to have had a very short memory of good deeds done to his father when in difficulties. Mr. William Phipps, however, had a grandson, Constantine, who chose the profession of the law, and who, going over to Ireland at a fortunate juncture, rose to become the occupant of the woolsack in the ‘sister island,’ and to receive the honour of knighthood. He held the seals till 1714, when he resigned, and, coming back to London, settled down in his chambers in the Temple, resolved to spend his declining years in leisure and retirement.

Like the noble house of Lansdowne, whose history I have traced in these pages\*, the house of Phipps included in its pedigree a man of practical genius, whose name and career I find thus mentioned in the *Mechanic’s Magazine*, for a cousin of Sir Constantine was William Phipps, the inventor of the diving-bell :

\* See vol. i, pp. 241-250.

‘ The first diving-bell of which we read was nothing but a very large kettle, suspended by ropes, with the mouth downwards, and planks to sit on, fixed in the middle of its concavity. Two Greeks at Toledo, in 1588, made an experiment with it before the Emperor Charles V. They descended in it, with a lighted candle, to a considerable depth. In 1683, William Phipps, the son of a blacksmith, formed a project for unloading a rich Spanish ship sunk on the coast of Hispaniola. Charles II. gave him a vessel with everything necessary for his undertaking ; but, being unsuccessful, he returned in great poverty. He then endeavoured to procure another vessel ; but, failing, he got a subscription, to which the Duke of Albemarle contributed. In 1687 Phipps set sail in a ship of two hundred tons, having previously engaged to divide his profits according to the twenty shares of which the subscription consisted. At first all his labours proved fruitless ; but at last, when he seemed almost to despair, he was fortunate enough to bring up so much treasure that he returned to England with the value of £200,000. Of this sum he got about £20,000, and the Duke of Albemarle

£90,000. Phipps was knighted by the king, and since that time diving-bells have been constantly employed.'

No doubt, when he died, this Sir William Phipps left the results of his invention to his cousin Constantine, who appears to have named after him his only son William, in whom the hopes of the family were centred. This Mr. William Phipps married the Lady Catherine Annesley, only daughter of the Earl of Anglesey, whose countess was a natural daughter of James II. As the husband of this latter lady, the Earl of Anglesey, died conveniently young, her ladyship took for her second husband John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham and Normanby, by whom she had an only son, who died in his minority, and bequeathed to his mother the reversion of his large Yorkshire estates.

It was of course a very natural thing for the mother, having inherited a fine estate from the only son of her *second* marriage, to leave it to the only grandson of her *first* marriage; and so it came about that Constantine Phipps, the son of Mr. William Phipps and the Lady Catherine Annesley, when he found himself the heir to this

noble property, was enabled to claim and to obtain an Irish peerage. The title which he chose was that of Lord Mulgrave, of New Ross, in the county of Wexford; the same that had been one of the lesser titles of the Duke of Buckingham. Edmund Sheffield, third Lord Sheffield, of Butterwick, was created Earl of Mulgrave in 1626, and at his death, in 1646, was succeeded by his grandson Edmund as second earl. He was the father of the above-mentioned John Sheffield, who was elevated to the Marquiseate of Normanby in 1694, and in 1703 advanced to the dignity of Duke of Buckingham. His grace was well-known in his day as a poet, but of moderate pretensions. He died in 1720, and was succeeded by his son Edmund, on whose death in his minority, in 1735, the dukedom and other honours became extinct. It is remarkable that, like the lands in Berkshire, the ducal title of Buckingham is ‘skittish, and ever apt to cast its owners.’ As often as it has been granted, it has become extinct after one or two generations.

Constantine John, the second Lord Mulgrave of the new creation, was a captain in the royal

navy, in which capacity he made a voyage for the purpose of endeavouring to find the north-west passage. An account of this expedition he gave to the world on his return to England. In Mr. Pitt's administration he was one of the paymasters of the forces, and a commissioner of the East India Board, and held many other important offices. He was added to the roll of the English Peerage in 1790, with the title of Baron Mulgrave, of Mulgrave, in Yorkshire, which became extinct on his death without male issue two years later. The Irish barony, however, devolved upon his brother, Henry Phipps, who in 1794 had a new patent granted him, conferring upon him the title of Baron Mulgrave of Mulgrave. In 1812 he was raised to the dignity of Viscount Normanby and Earl of Mulgrave. His lordship, having been educated to the army, obtained early a commission in the Foot Guards, and rose by regular stages to the rank of a general. He distinguished himself by his services at the taking of Toulon in 1794, and he was for some time colonel of the 31st Regiment of Foot, and Governor of Scarborough.

His son, Constantine Henry, the father of the

present head of the family, was a distinguished statesman, politician, and diplomatist. He held many important official situations in the government of the country, including those of Governor-General of Jamaica, Lord Privy Seal, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Secretary for the Home Department. From 1846 till 1852, he was accredited representative of Great Britain at the Court of the Tuilleries, and from 1854 to 1858 he was Her Majesty's envoy to the Court of Tuscany. He was also, *inter alia*, a successful novelist. Besides being made a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath and a Knight of the Garter, his political services were recognised by Lord Melbourne, who conferred upon him at the coronation of Her Majesty, in 1838, the Marquisate of Normanby. His lordship died in 1863, and was succeeded in all his honours by his only son, George Augustus Constantine, the present marquis, who has held several colonial posts, including the Governorship of Victoria.

His uncle, the late Hon. Sir Charles Phipps, was for many years private secretary and keeper

of the Privy Purse to Her Majesty; and various members of the Phipps family, ever since the days of Lord Melbourne, and the accession of Her Majesty, have held lucrative posts about the Court and the person of Queen Victoria.

## PEREGRINE BERTIE.

FOR three centuries the Christian name of Peregrine has been a special favourite in the noble house of the Berties, formerly Dukes of Ancaster, and now Earls of Lindsey. The name, as every fourth-form schoolboy knows, denotes a ‘foreigner’ or ‘traveller;’ and it is familiar to English ears also in its abridged and disguised shape of ‘pilgrim.’

Most fancies have a reason, if one can only find it out; and there is good reason for the fancy which the Berties have taken for the name of Peregrine; for it commemorates an event in their family history of which they may well be proud, though three centuries and more have passed since that event occurred.

It appears from the records of the College of Arms that, according to the Heralds' Visitation, one Thomas Bertie, a gentleman of high birth, long pedigree, and great accomplishments, a member of a family seated at Berstead or Bearsted, in Kent, 'having a long tyme used himself to feates of armes,' was appointed by King Henry VIII. Captain or Governor of Hurst Castle, between Southampton and the Isle of Wight. We know little of him personally, and perhaps he did not hold his captaincy long enough to leave a name behind him for any further 'feates'; but by his wife, Alice Say, or Saye, he left a son, Richard, who became a fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, was bred to the Bar, and became distinguished for his accomplishments in an age when the young students of Lincoln's-Inn and the Temple took part in plays, masques, and revels; and when even grave Lord Chancellors and Keepers were not ashamed to 'lead the brawls' at Christmastide in the Great Hall, which was decorated with bright mistletoe and holly for the occasion.

In 1553 young Robert Bertie carried off as his prize and married one of the belles of the

Court, the fair Mistress Katharine, Baroness Willoughby d'Eresby in her own right, as only daughter and the heir of William, last Lord Willoughby of the ancient line, and also amply dowered with this world's goods, as being the youthful widow of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, whose near relation to the throne made the Tudor Queen Mary almost as furious at this love-match as her sister Elizabeth was afterwards, whenever she found that a Dudley or a Sidney had married without first asking her royal leave.

If Mr. Bertie had not already imbibed some strong Protestant opinions from his wife, who was much attached to her first husband's memory, the anger of the queen at his presumption may have confirmed in him an idea that the Catholics were not the most charitable people in the world ; and probably his wife was not slow in fanning such an idea into a flame. At all events, the pair thought ' discretion the better part of valour : ' and so, not long after their marriage, which was sudden and secretly contrived, they quietly effected their escape from London to Germany. Here and in Poland, to which

they extended their travels, they found plenty of persons in high positions, and even in courts, who were well disposed to anyone who had a grievance against that most unpopular of sovereigns, Mary Tudor.

But the story of the flight abroad of this couple is styled by Sir Bernard Burke a ‘romantic’ affair, and such indeed it was. It will be remembered that Charles Brandon, the Duke of Suffolk, was one of the firmest and staunchest friends of Archbishop Cranmer, and that his wife almost surpassed him in zeal for the cause of the ‘new religion.’ At all events, at Grims-thorpe, her seat in Lincolnshire, she kept as her domestic chaplain Dr. Latimer, the same who, under Queen Mary, as Bishop of Worcester, died at the stake. Finding, from sources of private information, that she and her new husband were down on the Queen’s ‘Black List,’ she resolved to steal a march on the myrmidons of the law, and to find some excuse for a voluntary exile, which she did not intend to be of brief duration. Accordingly, either at Boston or at Lynn, the young couple secured berths on board a fishing vessel which was bound for one of the ports in

the Low Countries, taking with them an infant daughter, named Susan, who afterwards married Reginald Grey, Earl of Kent.

Though they passed the perils of the sea without much difficulty, yet, on landing on the shores of the Netherlands, they found themselves the objects of suspicion and mistrust. Accordingly they went through a series of not very pleasant adventures, and suffered much fatigue as they travelled on in disguise from one city to another in the hopes of finding a retreat among some of the Protestant princes of the petty states of Germany. At last, however, they succeeded in finding a resting-place for the soles of their feet. At Wesel, in the Duchy of Cleves, not far from the confluence of the Rhine and the Lippe, in 1555, the duchess was delivered of a son, to whom she and her husband gave the name of Peregrine, for the reason stated above. Dugdale, who in the main follows Hollinshead, says that, when they were refused a lodging at Wesel, they were about to shelter themselves from the cold on a very bad and wintry night in the porch of the great church, and to buy coals and wood, in order to light a fire there, but that, on

their way, Mr. Bertie heard two youths talking Latin, and that he thereupon prevailed on them, being a very fair scholar himself, to conduct them to a private lodging, where they had the good luck to be recognised by a Mr. Peverel, a Protestant minister, who caused them to be entertained in a style befitting their rank.

It is probable that they remained at Wesel for about two years, as in 1557 they journeyed on into Poland, where they were duly installed by the ruling power in the earldom of Crolan, in Samogitia, and had conferred on them full and absolute power to rule and govern it in the king's name ; and here they stayed, apparently quite contented, until the death of Mary and the consequent accession of Elizabeth prepared the way for their return to England, which, under the new queen, soon declared for the Protestant cause.

In the letters patent by which Peregrine Bertie was subsequently naturalised, it is recited that Richard Bertie, his father, had a licence from Queen Mary to travel in foreign lands. This is explained by Dugdale and Hollinshead, who say that soon after his marriage Bishop

Gardiner sent for him, and asked him whether the duchess, his wife, was as ready now to set up the Mass as she had been before to pull it down? The same authorities say that, supposing the duchess would be in danger, her husband obtained the Queen's licence to travel, as if to collect some debts due from the Emperor of Germany to the late Duke of Suffolk; and that he thereupon made his way to the Continent, leaving the poor duchess to follow after him in the best way she could, whether on board a fishing boat, as related above, or by any other chance vessel. Be this as it may, there is a note in Hollinshead recording the escape, though he does not enter into details about it, and Miss Strickland passes over the affair almost in silence.

Mr. Bertie and his wife, on their return to England, stood high in favour at the Court of the 'Maiden Queen.' The young son, whom, in memory of his birth during their forced exile from England, his parents named Peregrine, grew up to manhood as handsome and accomplished as his father had been before him; and, on his mother's death, in 1580, he was sum-

moned to Parliament as Lord Willoughby. He proved himself one of the first soldiers of his time; and Sir Robert Naunton speaks of him in his ‘*Fragmenta Regalia*’ as ‘one of the Queen’s first swordsmen and a great master of the military art.’ He married a lady of the noble house of De Vere, daughter of Henry eighteenth Earl of Oxford of that line, by whom he had a son Robert, a soldier by profession, like his father, who claimed, though without success, the earldom of Oxford in right of his mother. He was more fortunate in a claim which he preferred to the office of Lord Great Chamberlain of England, which was allowed to him, and which has descended to his present representative, the Lady Willoughby d’Eresby, mother of Lord Aveland. He was created Earl of Lindsey, and made a Knight of the Garter; and at the outbreak of the Civil War he was appointed General-in-Chief of the Royal Forces, a division of which he commanded at the Battle of Edge Hill, where he fell.

His great grandson was raised to the Marquise of Lindsey and the Dukedom of An-caster, titles which became extinct early in the

present century, when the Earldom of Lindsey passed to a distant cousin, who was descended from a younger son of the second earl. But in almost every generation down to the present time one of the sons of the house of Bertie has borne the name of Peregrine.

## THE LITTLE KINGDOM OF THE STANLEYS AND THE MURRAYS.

WE all know the common phrase, an *imperium in imperio*; but it is probably new to most of my readers that down to the end of the last century, and, indeed, to some extent for some years in the present, there was ‘a kingdom within this kingdom.’ I refer to the sovereignty of the Isle of Man, which was enjoyed for several centuries by the Stanleys, Earls of Derby, and after them by the Murrays, Earls and Dukes of Atholl.

The reader of English history needs no introduction to the name of Sir John Stanley, K.G., Lord Deputy of Ireland under Henry IV. and Henry V., one of the most distinguished

statesmen and commanders of his age. So great was his power and influence at Court that in 1405 he obtained a grant, or rather a commission, in conjunction with one Sir Roger Leke, to ‘seize upon’ the fair city of ‘York and its liberties,’ and also on the Isle of Man, of which the Percies of Northumberland had lately been dispossessed by forfeiture. Apparently he was not slow to take advantage of this ‘commission;’ for we read that in the seventh year of Henry IV. he obtained a grant in fee of the said Isle, its Castle, and Peel, originally called Holm Tower, and of all the islands adjacent to it, as also of all its ‘regalities,’ ‘franchises,’ &c., under which were probably included the rights of port dues, tolls, wreckage, flotsam and jetsam, guardianships of wards, and the granting of charters for holding markets, fairs, and so forth.

This royal or semi-royal fief, we are further told, was to be held under the King of England, his heirs and successors, by personal homage and by the service of two falcons, to be delivered at the royal palace of Westminster on the morning of each king’s coronation. It was

the great-grandson of this Sir Thomas who married, firstly, the sister of Warwick, the ‘king-maker,’ and, secondly, the mother of Henry Earl of Richmond, and who placed the crown of England on his stepson’s head upon the blood-stained field of Bosworth. But I must return to my subject.

The sovereignty of Man, though feudally subject to the crown of England, would seem to have been a reality. As King of Man, the earl had the right of summoning the deputies of the island to a local parliament, the House of Keys, which is still held in the open air, upon a hill called the Tinwald Mount, though now it is convened in the name of Queen Victoria; and down to this day the Isle of Man, like the Channel Islands, is unrepresented in the English Parliament, but enjoys the unquestioned right of ‘Home Rule,’ having a legislature for its own local purposes under the crown of Great Britain and Ireland.

The words ‘king,’ ‘prince,’ and ‘lord,’ all admit of degrees, and may be used in a sense not excluding a reference to some feudal superior: and therefore it may be supposed that

when one of the Earls of Derby voluntarily relinquished the title of ‘king’ for that of ‘lord,’ the change was rather in the name than in the nature of his rule; and that, being at a very remote distance from the seat of the imperial legislature, the ‘lord’ of Man exercised pretty much the same authority which had belonged to himself and his predecessors when they were nominally ‘kings,’ and that justice—even to the extent of capital punishment—was administered, as before, in his name.

James, the seventh Earl of Derby, as ‘lord’ of Man, held the island in the cause of Charles I. against the Parliamentarians; and his noble wife is almost as celebrated for her defence of it in her husband’s name and in his absence, as she had been for her gallant defence of Lathom House in the early part of the Rebellion. She could not, however, save her husband from falling into the hands of the rebels at the battle of Worcester, or from the headsman’s axe at Bolton in October, 1651, when Cromwell bestowed the island on his general, Fairfax.

No sooner, however, was Charles II. seated on his father’s throne than he restored the Isle of

Man to the Stanleys in the person of Charles, eighth earl, whose two sons in succession held the lordship of it, until the death of the last survivor of them in 1736, when the Earldom of Derby passed to a distant cousin.

The question now arose, who ought to inherit the feudal dignity of Lord of Man. The last three Earls of Derby had died without leaving a child behind them; but James, the gallant earl who fought and bled for the Stuart cause, had left three daughters, of whom the youngest survived the rest, and became her father's heir; and there were also other females whose representatives, it was thought, might put in a claim, namely, the three daughters of Ferdinando, fifth earl—Anne, Lady Chandos; Frances, Countess of Bridgewater; and Elizabeth, Countess of Huntingdon.

The sequel is curious, and shows how often important matters, even the successions to great estates and high titles, after all are but the freaks of Fortune, and hang on the turns of her wheel. When the coronet of Derby had been assumed without dispute by a younger branch of the Stanleys, the lordship of Man

lay for awhile practically in abeyance; no one had claimed it, much less had taken it up; and there were some thoughts that, for want of a successor, it would revert to its feudal superior, the wearer of the British Crown.

James, then Duke of Atholl in Scotland, had formed no well-grounded hopes of getting any pretensions to the sovereignty of Man acknowledged, though he may have had some hazy idea of his claims; but, having invited Duncan Forbes, late president of the Court of Session in Scotland, to stay with him as his guest, he entertained him at Blair Atholl or Dunkeld. After dinner the attention and curiosity of Mr. Forbes was drawn to a fine genealogical tree of the family pedigree, its honours and alliances, which hung in all the colours of blazonry upon the walls of the castle hall. When his experienced eye had examined it a little at leisure, he exclaimed,

‘What is here, my Lord Duke?’

‘Oh, only the Murray pedigree,’ was the reply.

‘Only! I think that, by the recent death of Lord Derby, your grace has a claim through your grandmother, Amelia Sophia, daughter of

the seventh Earl of Derby, to at least some portion of his estates and honours, though not to his earldom.'

The duke replied that he had never thought seriously of any such good luck accruing to him, and that he had no idea of putting forward pretensions which he could not maintain in a court of law.

'But I am sure that you could maintain them,' replied Forbes, 'and you ought to lose no time in putting them forward; the law and the right are clearly on your side.'

'You do not really mean so?' replied the duke.

'Yes, indeed I do, and you cannot too soon set about the task in earnest.'

'Then make me out, I pray you, a brief statement of the grounds of my claim, and I will call on my solicitor in Edinburgh; then we will go south and take the advice of English counsel in London.'

This was no sooner done than the first step was taken; the duke went up to town. Solicitors and agents were employed to obtain the proper certificates at the Lyon office in

Edinburgh, and in the College of Arms in London, and the case was laid before one of the most eminent lawyers of the day. He took his fee of course, and gave his opinion that the Duke of Atholl had an undoubted right to the lordship of Man and to the barony of Strange, which, as a barony by writ, was descendable in the female line. The case before long came on for hearing in due course before the House of Lords, who decided *nem. con.* that the claim was just and incontrovertible, and the Duke of Atholl holds his seat to-day in the House of Peers as Lord Strange. Such was the romantic upshot of a chance country visit.

Difficulties, however, arose with respect to this *imperium in imperio* in the hands of the Murrays. The duke had too much to do in the management of his own estate in Perthshire to pay any great attention to his distant sovereignty, beyond occasionally nominating its Bishop or its ‘Deemsters.’ Added to this, the duties on spirits, silks, and other articles being lower than in England or in Ireland, the Isle of Man then became a den of smugglers; and therefore it was resolved by the English Government that it

would be as well to put an end to this constant source of discomfort and annoyance. As, however, the Murrays had been in possession of their lordship for half-a-century, there was only one way of proceeding, namely, by purchase. Accordingly, just four years after the accession of George III., a bargain was struck between the king and the Duke of Atholl, who agreed for the sum of £70,000 to cede to the Crown all his feudal rights and civil patronage in Man, along with the castles of Peel and Rushen, which thenceforward was annexed directly to England. From that date forward the smuggling trade gradually died out, having received its death-blow by the transfer. The duke, however, specially reserved to himself and his successors the nomination of the bishop, and sundry other ecclesiastical rights. The duke, also, by fair means or foul, was able still to keep a pretty tight hold on the revenues of the island, and the British tax-payers in 1828-29 found it necessary to purchase these rights from the then Duke of Atholl for the sum of £132,044, according to Haydn's 'Dictionary of Dates,' or, if we may trust the statement of Sir Bernard

Burke, which is endorsed by the author of ‘Our Old Nobility,’ for £409,000.

The Murrays hold in all more than a score of coronets. Besides the Duke of Atholl, the Scottish peerage counts among its members a Lord Elibank, a Lord Dunmore, a Lord Stormont, whose title is now merged in the Earldom of Mansfield. Besides these honours, the head of the Murrays, according to Lodge, is Duke of Atholl, Marquis of Tullibardine and Atholl, Earl of Tullibardine, Atholl, Strathay, and Strathardale, Viscount of Balquhidder, Glenalmond, and Glenlyon, Baron Murray of Tullibardine, Lord Balvenie and Gask, Baron Strange of Knockyn, Earl Strange, Baron Percy, Baron Murray of Stanley and Gloucester, and Baron Glenlyon of Glenlyon, in Perthshire—to say nothing of honours which the Dukes once owned, but which are now extinct or dormant.

Surely the possession of these coronets, with the hereditary sheriffdom of Perthshire, ought to give to the head of the ducal house of Atholl some consolation for the loss of a lordship which was bound to become more and more shadowy at each successive genera-

tion, and for which his grandfather, thanks to parliamentary influence, was able to command a price so far above its market value. The age of such feudal privileges may be said to have now fairly passed away, and there can be no possible excuse for their revival in any shape or form whatever.

## A MODERN EPISODE IN THE HOUSE OF DE CLIFFORD.

THE holders of the peerages of Lord Clifford of Chudleigh and of Lord De Clifford are descended in the male and female line respectively from the once great and powerful house of Clifford, who enjoyed the earldom of Cumberland, and who, as stated by me on a previous page,\* stood next to the Percies and the Dacres in the north of England. Of late years the ancient Barony of De Clifford has passed, through females, into one or two different families. Nevertheless the title is still extant.

All my readers are aware, no doubt, that the old bridge across the Thames at Blackfriars was the work of an engineer named James Mylne.

\* See vol. i, p. 144.

It is not often that the architect of a bridge becomes also the architect of a peerage; and yet one of the merest accidents in the world, in which Mylne figured as the principal hand, conferred that very ancient title, or at all events its revival, upon a plain gentleman of Gloucestershire.

The story is told at some length in the ‘General Biographical Dictionary’ of Chambers; its substance may be related as follows: Mr. Mylne happened to be engaged in making some very great alterations and improvements at King’s Weston, near Bristol, for the late Lord De Clifford, then Mr. Southwell, who had known him at Rome, and who had conceived a very high opinion of his talents, for a sight of his (then) new bridge at Blackfriars. On Mr. Mylne’s arrival there, he commenced making some plans, in the course of which he discovered in the back part of the house a small room, to which apparently there was no means of access. It was resolved accordingly to cut into it from the outside.

On obtaining an entrance, they found, to their great astonishment, a quantity of old

family plate, and a pile of musty papers and parchments. These were deciphered by the aid of a local antiquary, and the result was that among them were found the original records of a barony granted to that family in the reign of Henry III. The family pedigree was accordingly hunted up and set forth; the Heralds' College was consulted; the matter was brought under the attention of the House of Lords; a petition to the king to have the claim submitted to a committee of privileges was duly presented and favourably received; at last, after a short interval, during which every link in the chain of proof was closely examined and established to the satisfaction of the committee, the king was graciously pleased to revive the dormant title, and Mr. Southwell took his seat among the peers of England, as second on the roll of the barons, in 1776.

The room in which these papers were found had in all probability been closed up, for the sake of security, during the ‘troublous times’ of the reign of Charles I., and had never been opened subsequently—upwards of a century. The rats and the mice had been good and

kind enough to spare the precious documents,\* and the absence of damp no doubt had contributed to the preservation of the papers which conferred a coronet on Mr. Edward Southwell.

The title, at the death of this nobleman's son and successor, fell into abeyance, which was terminated, in 1833, in favour of his eldest daughter, Sophia, who married Captain John Russell, and whose grandson is the present holder of it.

\* This has not always been the case. For instance, the late Sir John Bowring told me once that his ancestor, the squire of Bowringsleigh, in Devon, had conferred on him a patent of baronetcy, but that, being put for safety during the troubles of the Commonwealth behind the panelled wainscotting of the house, it had been devoured almost entirely by rats or mice.

## POOR SIR JOHN DINELEY, BART.

AT the beginning of the present century there were two living objects of curiosity at Windsor ; the one was the good old farmer king, George III., who, till laid aside by mental and bodily ailments, used to walk along its streets and converse on the Castle terrace regularly, to the great delight of his subjects ; and the other was one of the Military Knights, or, as they were then called, the Poor Knights of Windsor—a certain landless and almost penniless baronet, Sir John Dineley, a man of eccentric dress and mien, who had found in the Lower Ward, through the kindness of those who had known him in better days, a refuge from the storms of life. Anchored in his little two-roomed house, he was *in se ipso totus, teres, atque rotundus*, and he was

the better able to keep the wolf from the door because he had not a servant, or even a charwoman, to wait upon him. He would go out early in the morning, after having carefully locked his door, and walk down through the Castle gate into the market-place, whence he would return laden with a penny roll, a pat of butter, a small bundle of firewood, and possibly a herring, taking care to return to his rooms and dress in time for the service in St. George's Chapel which the 'Poor Knights' were bound, by the statutes of the Order of the Garter, to attend daily.

And who was Sir John Dineley? He was a member—indeed, the last head and representative—of a worthy and respectable family who long held landed estates in Herefordshire and Worcestershire. His ancestor had been raised in 1707 to a baronetcy for his political services, having sat for many years in the House of Commons as member, first for Evesham, and afterwards for Herefordshire; and the family had passed through many generations without a stain upon its escutcheon, when a sad event occurred which destroyed it root and branch.

Towards the end of January, 1741, the papers announced that a tragedy in high life had occurred at Bristol. On the 17th of that month, Sir John Dineley Goodyere-Dineley, Baronet, of Burhope and Charleton, happened to be staying in the neighbourhood, either at the 'Hot Wells,' or at Clifton. He was on bad terms, owing to some family dispute about property, with his next brother Samuel, who was in command of a vessel named the *Ruby*, then lying in the roads off the entrance of the Avon.

A mutual acquaintance, with the kindest intentions but with the most unfortunate result, brought these two brothers together; and it was hoped that a meeting under his friendly mahogany might pave the way for a reconciliation. Apparently this hope seemed likely to be realised, and the brothers parted with an interchange of the usual kindly expressions, saying 'good-night,' while the baronet went even so far as to say that he should be 'glad to see his brother again soon.'

He was taken at his word, a little more speedily than he had imagined possible; for, having lingered a little longer at his friend's table, quite

late at night he found himself crossing the large square under the shadow of the cathedral, known to everybody in the West of England as College Green. Here he was suddenly brought to a stand, being confronted by six sturdy sailors, all armed with pistols and cutlass, with his brother, the captain of the *Ruby*, at their head. It was the work of less than a minute to seize and gag the unsuspecting landsman and to carry him off to the river-side, where a boat was waiting. As soon as he was on board, the men rowed down the Avon to their ship. He was speedily hoisted on board, and then strangled by two sailors named White and Mahony, acting under the orders of Captain Samuel Goodyere.

But the vengeance of the law was both speedy and sure. The vessel was detained in the roads on suspicion, and the instigator of the crime, Captain Samuel Goodyere-Dineley, who of course had succeeded his brother in the baronetcy, was tried, with his two accomplices, at Bristol, in the following month of March. A verdict of guilty was returned, and he was sentenced to death within three months after the perpetration of the cruel act which had made him at once a baronet

and a murderer. There was nothing to plead in his defence, nor was any influence used by titled personages, as was so often the case in convictions for high treason, to beg George II. to respite or pardon the criminal. His estates were forfeited to the Crown, and his wife and two sons were reduced to beggary. The elder son, Edward Dineley, died a lunatic in 1761, never having married, and the younger son was the Sir John Dineley, whom I have already introduced to my readers sixty years later as a ‘Poor Knight’ of Windsor, living on the dole of a set of rooms in the Castle,

‘And passing rich on sixty pounds a year.’

But, poor as he was, he did not despair; even when sixty, seventy, and eighty years of age of being able to retrieve his position, and once more to become Sir John Dineley of Burhope in reality. The way to accomplish this was easy if he could only find the right and proper person — a lady both able and willing to rescue him from his painful situation as a poor bachelor. In fact, like his grace the sham Duc de Rousillon, he felt that the one solution of his diffi-

culties was a well-endowed wife ; and what he felt he avowed openly. With that view, no sooner was the service over in St. George's than he went back to his room, threw off his blue cloak and 'roquelaure,' and came out like a butterfly, another creature, quite captivating in appearance.

Wherever Royalty took its public walk, wherever a crowd assembled, as often as the sounds of military music brought together the fair ladies of Windsor and Eton on to the gay parade, there was Sir John Dineley. Then was disclosed the gay apparel of the old beau—the embroidered coat, the silk-flowered waistcoat, the nether garments of tawdry and faded velvet carefully meeting the dirty silk stockings, which in their turn terminated in the half-polished shoes, fastened with silver buckles and clasps. 'On great occasions the old wig was newly powdered'—so writes Charles Knight, who remembered him well, in his pleasant gossipings about Windsor—'and the best cocked hat was brought forth, with a tarnished edging of lace.'

And so Sir John stepped proudly about the streets and terraces of Windsor at the opening

of the nineteenth century, just as if he was one of the fops who hung about Kensington Palace in the reign of George II. ‘All other days were to him as nothing. He had dreams of ancient genealogies, and of alliances still subsisting between himself and the first families in the land, and of mansions described in Nash’s “History of Worcestershire,” with marble halls and “superb gates,” and of possessions that ought to be his own, and which would place him upon an equality with the noblest and the wealthiest in the land. A little money to be expended in law would turn all these dreams into realities.’ That money was to be obtained through a wife, to whom in exchange he would give the title of ‘my lady.’

Very naturally, therefore, he devoted himself to that which he had persuaded himself to be the one great business of his existence. To be able to display himself where the ladies congregated most thickly was the object of his daily savings; to be constantly in the public eye was his hope and glory. And, to do poor Sir John Dineley justice, there was not a particle of levity in all his proceedings. They were

terribly real—to himself, at least. ‘His face,’ writes Charles Knight, ‘had a grave and intellectual character; his deportment was staid and dignified. He had a wonderful discrimination in avoiding the twittering girls, with whose faces he was familiar. But perchance some buxom matron or timid maiden, who had seen him for the first time, gazed upon the apparition with surprise and curiosity. In that case he would approach. With the air of one bred in courts, he made his most profound bow, and, taking a piece of paper from his pocket, he presented it, and withdrew’—doubtless watching the effect it produced.

I give an extract from one of these matrimonial advertisements:

‘FOR A WIFE.’

‘As the prospect of my marriage has much increased lately, I am determined to take the best means to discover the lady most liberal in her esteem, by giving her fourteen days to make her quickest steps towards matrimony from the date of this paper until eleven o’clock the next morning; and, as the contest will evidently be

the most superb, honourable, sacred, and lawfully affectionate, pray, ladies, do not let false delicacy interrupt you . . . An eminent attorney here is lately returned from a view of my very superb gates before my capital house, built in the form of the Queen's house. I have ordered him, or the next eminent attorney here, who can satisfy you of my possession in my estate, and every desirable particular concerning it, to make you the most liberal settlement you can desire, to the vast extent of three hundred thousand pounds.'

And then follow some comical verses, which conclude thus :

'A beautiful page shall carefully hold  
Your ladyship's train surrounded with gold.'

In another of his handbills he thus addresses the ladies with reference to the alienation and loss of the family estates on account of his father's crime : 'Pray, my young charmers, give me a fair hearing ; do not let your avaricious guardians unjustly frighten you with a *false account of forfeiture*.'

There is a quaint portrait of Sir John Dineley

in the ‘Wonderful Characters’ of Caulfeild ; and John Timbs tells us in his ‘English Eccentrics’ that he spent no less than thirty years in this wild-goose chase after a partner. ‘His figure,’ he adds, ‘was truly grotesque ; in wet weather he was mounted on a high pair of pattens . . . He came to London twice or thrice a year, and visited Vauxhall and the theatres. His fortune, if he could recover it, he estimated at three hundred thousand pounds. He invited the rich widow, as well as the blooming maiden of sixteen, and addressed them in printed documents, bearing his signature, in which he specified the sums that he expected the ladies to possess ; he demanded less property with youth than with age or widowhood, adding that few ladies would be eligible who did not possess at least ten thousand pounds a year, which, however, was as nothing compared with the honour which his high birth and noble descent would confer, for he was descended in the female line from the royal house of Plantagenet. The incredulous he referred to “Nash’s Worcestershire.” He addressed his advertisements to the “angelic fair” from his house in Windsor Castle, and to the

last he cherished the expectation of forming a connubial connection with some lady of property.'

But from these dreams he woke at last, somewhat suddenly. One morning, in the year 1808, Sir John Dineley was missed from his place at the service in St. George's Chapel, and, on inquiry, it was found that he had not been seen sallying out that day as usual to buy his penny roll and farthing candle. His door, which was fastened inside, was burst open ; his house, which he never had allowed a creature to enter, was found to be almost destitute of furniture, except a deal table, a couple of chairs, and a pallet bed. His sitting-room was strewed with type from a printing-press, at which he used to 'set up' and 'work off' his matrimonial circulars. He lay in the inner room stretched out on his bed, apparently in a dying state. He lingered only a few days, and died—after all his projects and efforts matrimonial—a bachelor ; and with him died the baronetcy of Dineley.

## SIMON FRASER, LORD LOVAT.

THE life of the last of those misguided men whose heads were set up on Temple Bar as ‘rebels,’ nearly a century and a half ago, can hardly fail to be of interest to my readers, even though it should turn out that that life is not one of the heroic type of martyrs, but that of a clever, cunning man of the world, and, indeed, approaching to that of knave.

‘At one time,’ to use the words of the late historio-grapher of Scotland, ‘he was a mountain brigand, hunted from cave to cave, at another a laced courtier, welcomed by the first circles in Europe; in summer a powerful baron, with nearly half a kingdom at his back,

in winter a prisoner, and dragged ignominiously to the block on Tower Hill: by turns a soldier, a statesman, a Highland chief, a judge administering the law of the land; uniting the loyal Presbyterian Whig with the Catholic Jacobite, and supporting both characters with equal success.'

Lord Lovat was a strange and eccentric character, and one whom it is worth while to study. His high talents—I had almost written genius—his versatility, his great influence over others, make him out as one who towered above his fellow-men, though his personal history is a record of fraud and force, which would have been impossible to read in any but a most unsettled time—indeed, a period of civil strife. His biography has been written at length by several hands, from which the following notice is largely abridged. To the contents of these biographies, which are rare in the extreme, I am able to add one little bit of romance, namely, that there is reason to believe that, though he lived and died as Lord Lovat, he had no real right or claim to the title of Lord Lovat

at all, but only to that of the Hon. Simon Fraser.\*

He was born about the year 1676, and is described as ‘the second son of Thomas Fraser, fourth son of Hugh, Lord of Lovat’: and it is worthy of note that no attempt is made by any of his biographers to show what became of his elder brother. All that we learn about Simon’s childhood and youth is, that he was educated at King’s College, Aberdeen, that he distinguished himself in the acquirement of Latin and French, and that his tone of writing and speaking was that of a scholar. He was taken from college to hold a company in the regiment raised in the service of William and Mary, by Lord Murray, son of the Marquis of Athole.

His cousin, Lord Lovat, it appears, had married a daughter of the Lord of Athole, and her brother naturally desired that the young lord should assist in the recruiting. Simon, who had

\* This was written shortly before the question of the Lovat title was brought before the House of Lords in 1884 by a kinsman whose claim, though it wore an appearance of truth, was dismissed somewhat summarily on being sifted by a Committee of the House of Lords.

no toleration for any treachery that was not of his own devising, [speaks of this proceeding against the exiled sovereign as ‘an infamous commission,’ furthered by one who, ‘not daring to attack the Frasers in an open and decisive manner, endeavoured to tarnish their reputation by ruining that of their chief.’ The object of sending for Simon was to inform him that a captain’s commission in the regiment was at his service if he would give his influence to persuade the clan to become recruits. ‘But Simon’s virtue,’ we are told, ‘was incorruptible—he rejected the bait with scorn.’ He informed the head of his house how that ‘he had for ever lost his honour and his loyalty, and that possibly he would one day lose his estates in consequence of the infamous steps he had taken; that, for himself, he was so far from consenting to accept a commission in the regiment of that traitor, Lord Murray, that he would immediately go home to his clan, and prevent any one man from enlisting in it.’ Simon, however, at last accepted the commission; and thus, although his honour revolted against taking arms in support of King William, it was clear

that ‘he had no objection to entering his service, with the intention of betraying his trust and doing the work of the enemy.’ In connection with this period of his life there is extant a curious legal document, in the form of a bond, by which a fencing-master engages, during all the days of his life, to teach Simon his art; and the price for this slavery is eight pounds.

At the age of twenty the young lord went to London with his brother-in-law, Murray, to be presented at King William’s court at Kensington. Shortly after his return from town occurred the death of the eleventh Lord Lovat, and Thomas Fraser of Beaufort immediately assumed the title of Lord Lovat. Simon—his elder brother Alexander being, as it was asserted, no longer in the land of the living—took, according to the Scottish custom of a baron’s eldest son, the title of ‘The Master of Lovat.’ The above succession to the peerage, however, did not pass unchallenged, and it stood a chance of becoming one of the *causes célèbres* of the time—one of those cases where legal principles and practices are torn up by the roots, that every fibre may be anatomised.

In the meantime a series of stirring incidents prevented this matter from coming under the calm arbitration of the law. The chief of these was his attempted abduction of the young sister of the late lord, who had a better claim than himself to the Fraser estates.

In the ‘Memoirs’ of the Fraser family, it is stated that the heiress was destined for a member of the Athole family, by a ‘project of that grey-headed tyrant, the Marquis of Athole, and of the Earl of Tullibardine, his eldest son, the true heir to his avarice and his other amiable qualities, to possess themselves of the estate of Lovat, and to enrich their family, which was hitherto rich only in hungry lords.’ It was thought a dangerous project to force one who was not a Fraser on the clan; and Lord Saltoun—the head of a branch of the Fraser family in Aberdeenshire, with whom a sort of treaty had been concluded—was supposed to be a fitting instrument for counteracting the rising influence of Simon.

Baffled in his schemes with the heiress, Simon, for some reason or other not altogether explainable, seized on the widow of the late

Lord Lovat, a lady of the Athole family, and compelled her to marry him. To accomplish this act, Simon and his clan rose in arms, ostensibly for the purpose of attacking Lord Saltoun's party; the real motive, however, was apparently the seizure of Doune Castle, where the dowager lady resided, as a close prisoner, and of forcing her into a marriage with him. In the indictment brought against Thomas Fraser, the father, and Simon, the son, for this outrage, the particulars of the transaction are thus narrated :

‘ Not only the said Thomas and Simon Fraser and their said accomplices refused to lay down arms and desist from their violence when commanded and charged by the sheriff of Inverness, but, going on in their villainous barbarities, they kept the said lady dowager in the most miserable captivity, and, when nothing that she could propose or promise would satisfy them, the said Captain Simon Fraser takes up the most mad and villainous resolution that ever was heard of; for all in a sudden he and his said accomplices make the lady close prisoner in her chamber under his armed guards, and then

come upon her with the said Mr. Robert Munro, minister at Abertraff,\* and three or four ruffians, in the night-time, about two or three of the morning, of the month of October last, or one or other days of the said month of October last, and, having dragged out her maids, Agnes McBryar and — Fraser, he proposes to the lady that she should marry him, and when she fell in lamenting and crying, the great pipe was blown up to drown her cries, and the wicked villains ordered the minister to proceed.'

As this deed was not only a crime, but an offence against a powerful family, Simon could protect himself from punishment only by open force, and thus he kept up a petty rebellion in the Highlands for some years. On the accession of Queen Anne, his opponents becoming all-powerful, he fled to France, where the nature of his offence, and the immorality and violence of his whole life and character, were no obstacle to his being received into the favour and confidence of the 'devout' court of St. Germain. He undertook to excite a fresh insurrection in the mountains of Scotland, and to

\* One of the parties indicted.

assemble twelve thousand Highlanders for the Prince of Wales, if the court of France would only contribute a few regular troops, some officers, arms, ammunition, and *money*. Louis XIV. entered into this project, although he had no great confidence in Fraser's sincerity, and finally resolved that the outlaw should first return to Scotland, with two persons upon whom His Majesty might rely, and who were instructed to examine the Highlands, and sound the clans themselves.

But Fraser no sooner reached Scotland with these two individuals than he privately revealed the whole plot to the Duke of Queensberry, undertaking to make him acquainted with the whole correspondence between the Scottish Jacobites and the courts of St. Germain and Versailles. On it being discovered that he had hoaxed the Duke of Queensberry and other statesmen, and was playing a deep game of treachery of his own, he once more made good his safety by escaping to the Continent.

He had already been outlawed for his outrages, and another Fraser enjoyed his estates by the letter of the law; but still he was not

quite forgotten nor forsaken by his clan. And when, some years later, the holder of the estates had joined the insurrection, Simon found it to his interest to side with the Government. His clan at once left the insurgents, and he was by law once more duly installed in the full possession of his large estates.

Of the innumerable intrigues in which he was engaged during the remainder of his tricky life; how, in 1745, he tried to play a double game by sending his clan, under the command of his son, to fight for the Pretender, while he himself, deeply plotting for that cause, sided with the Royalists; of these things I need say nothing, as they are matters of history.

Finding at last that a price was set upon his head, he attempted to save his life by concealment in the wildest part of the Western Highlands; but he was run to earth, and arrested at Moray, and taken to Fort William, whence he was conveyed to London by easy stages.\* He

\* In the last of these stages he slept at the White Hart Inn at St. Alban's, where he accidentally met Hogarth; and his portrait by that artist, ill-favoured as it represents him, preserves at once his features, and the memory of that event.

was naturally the special object of vengeance of the Government, and, after a trial by his peers in Westminster Hall, was found guilty of treason, and executed on Tower Hill in April, 1747.

Whether the Dowager Lady Lovat, after the forced marriage above referred to, became reconciled or not to her fate, was afterwards to Simon Fraser a matter of indifference. ‘He treated the forced ceremony as a youthful frolic,’ writes Mr. J. Hill Burton in his history of Lord Lovat, ‘and the victim of it lived to see him twice married, and rising to the pinnacle of fortune as one who could over-ride the laws of both God and man. Her days, however, seem not to have been shortened by her hardships, for she lived till the year 1743, but died, unluckily, just too soon to see the signal downfall of her oppressor.’

## THE RISE OF THE DUCAL HOUSE OF PORTLAND.

LIKE the Russells, so the Bentincks, Earls and Dukes of Portland, owe the high position which they hold in the highest grade of our aristocracy to a mere accident, which made their founder the object of royal favour. Part of the story is well known; but the accident to which I refer is known only to members of a narrow and privileged circle.

When William, Prince of Orange, came over to England in order to rid us of the unpopular rule of James II., he brought with him a large army of Dutch soldiers, and a goodly sprinkling of the members of the Dutch nobility, who doubtless were quite content to exchange their dwellings among the dykes of Holland for the green fields and pleasant homesteads of this

country. Among them were the Schombergs, the De Ginkels, the Auverquerques, the Zulesteins, the Keppels, and last, not least, the Bentincks.

Burke and the heralds tell us but little about the antecedents of the Bentincks in their own country. But they would appear to have been soldiers of fortune, and always ready to risk their lives and substance in the service of their prince.

The particular member of the house of Bentinck who resolved to share the fortunes of William the Dutchman was William, son of Henry Bentinck, who is styled Herr Van Dipenham in Overyssel. The son, as a youth, was page of honour to the prince, and in his early manhood became his 'confidential adviser.' He had already given the prince a strong proof of his fidelity and affection; for, when the former was ill with the small-pox, he not only nursed him day and night, but voluntarily shared his bed-room, and even his bed, at the risk of his own life.

Such heroic conduct deserved a reward, and for a wonder it received one. Bentinck was

sent, whilst quite a young man, to England, on a confidential and delicate mission, namely, to negotiate the marriage of the Prince of Orange with the Princess Mary, daughter of James, Duke of York. Accompanying his royal master to our shores, he landed with him in Torbay, rode up to London by his side, and as soon as the prince had accepted the throne which was offered to him by the Houses of Parliament, he was appointed groom of the stole and first gentleman of the royal bed-chamber, and sworn a member of the Privy Council. Two days before the coronation of William and Mary, he was made a peer of his adopted country, by the ‘name, style, and title of Earl of Portland, Viscount Woodstock, and Baron of Cirencester.’ He subsequently held the important command of the king’s own regiment of Dutch Guards, and in that capacity played a leading part at the battle of the Boyne. He was a man marked by no great brilliancy of parts, but of sterling integrity and fidelity, and his bravery was beyond question. By his first wife, who was a Villiers, the sister of the Earl of Jersey, he had a family of daughters, most of whom were mar-

ried to English peers, and also a son, who became at his death second earl, and was shortly afterwards created Duke of Portland.

Bentinck does not seem to have taken any open part in the intrigues and negotiations of 1688-9, but there is little doubt that he acted privately as ‘wire-puller’ for his royal master throughout. Some ten years after William’s accession, Lord Portland was despatched into a sort of honourable exile, being sent as ambassador to Louis XIV. at Versailles after the peace of Ryswick ; and it is probable that he himself sought this appointment, because he was growing jealous of a rival in the king’s favour—namely, Keppel, who had been made Lord Albemarle. Lord Portland’s embassy was very stately and imposing, as befitted so great a man at the court of Le Grand Monarque ; but it would seem to have been remarkable rather for profusion than for elegance and taste ; and accordingly it was made an object of pleasantry among the gay lords and ladies of the French court, whilst some of them strove, but in vain, to vex the ambassador by most trivial squabbles about

precedence on the royal staircase. It is on record that he endeavoured, though in vain, to persuade Louis to send James II. from St. Germain to the sunny south, either to Avignon or to Italy. What is more certainly true is that in the so-called ‘partition treaty’ made with Louis with reference to the succession of the crown of Spain, that negotiation was effected by King William, not through the English ministers, but through his Dutch favourite, who consequently was regarded with great and scarcely concealed dislike by his brother peers in England.

What Bentinck lacked in the way of friendship from his brother peers, however, seems to have been made up to him in other quarters in a more substantial manner, for William rewarded him with large grants of land on the marches of North Wales, and also gave him the royal palace of Theobalds, in Herts. The earl, however, preferred the domain of Bulstrode Park, in Buckinghamshire, where he died in 1719. He is buried in Westminster Abbey.

The subsequent fortunes of the Bentincks were largely secured by the marriages of the

successive heads of the family with the noblest houses in the land—the Noels, the Harleys, and the Cavendishes; and, as at almost every step the lady was an heiress, the ducal title was amply secured by a corresponding amount of property; so that for the last two centuries the Dukes of Portland have stood almost as high for their wealth as for their rank. Thanks to the marriage of his ancestor with a Cavendish a century and a half ago, the present duke owns the freehold of nearly half of the parish of Marylebone.

The third duke, who held the title from 1762 till the present century, was distinguished by the personal favour and friendship of King George III., who sent him as viceroy to Ireland, and made him twice premier. The second son of this duke, Lord William Bentinck, was Governor-General of India, where his name is still remembered for the exertions which he made in the cause of education and in the abolition of the horrors of ‘suttee.’ Another son, Lord George Bentinck, after spending his life on the turf, and winning its ‘blue ribbon’

at Epsom, late in life became joint leader of the Conservative party along with Benjamin Disraeli, and, had it not been for his sudden death, it was quite 'upon the cards' that he might have been Premier of England.

## THE NOBLE HOUSE OF COURtenay.

IT may be asserted without fear of contradiction that, in point of ancestral nobility and ancient glory, no family in the British Peerage exceeds that of the Courtenays, Earls of Devonshire, or Devon. It is true that it was not until a comparatively recent date that they attained the coronet which their head now wears; but their nobility dates from before the Conquest, and is European rather than English, cosmopolitan rather than insular.

If we may trust the statement of the monk Almoin, who wrote in the twelfth century, the earliest ancestor of the Courtenays was Otho, a certain French knight, who lived about the year 1100, and who built the castle of Courtenai, on the banks of the river Clair, be-

tween Sens on the east and Montargis on the west, and between fifty and sixty miles to the south of Paris. His grandson Joceline joined in the first crusade, and by the death of his kinsman, Baldwin, gained the title of Count of Edessa, with a large territory annexed to it. His son and successor, being worsted in his wars with the barbarians, died a prisoner at Aleppo in Syria. His daughter married the brother of Baldwin III., King of Jerusalem, and two of her descendants inherited that sovereignty. Joceline, third Count of Edessa, distinguished himself at the battle of Ascalon against Saladin, Sultan of Egypt, and is supposed to have been slain at the fall of Jerusalem. His daughters Beatrix and Agnes were married, the former to a German, and the latter to a French noble, and with them ended this (the elder) branch of the Courtenays.

The descent from Otho, however, was carried on by his great-grandson, Reginald de Courtenay, who married Isabel, daughter of one of the Counts of Corbeille. The eldest daughter of this marriage married Peter, a younger son of Louis le Gros, who assumed, as was the custom

in such cases, his wife's name, and is known to history as Peter Courtenay, and whose son (also Peter) succeeded to the throne of Constantinople in right of his wife, sister and heiress of Baldwin and Henry, Counts of Flanders, the first and second Latin Emperors of the East.

Three of his descendants in succession sat upon the throne of Constantinople. The last of these left a daughter and heiress, Jane, who married Charles V. of France; and their son, Roger de Courtenay, Seigneur de Champaignelles and Chief Butler of France, died in Palestine in 1329.

Nine generations pass by, when I find his descendant Francis de Courtenay petitioning Henry IV. of France, but without success, for the restoration of his ancient house to their rights as princes of the blood; and other members of the house presented like petitions to his successors on the French throne, but with only the same mortifying result.

The direct French line of Courtenay and the male descendants of Pharamond in that country are said to have ended by the sudden death of Charles Roger Courtenay, in May, 1730.

It is a matter of tradition and history that the Reginald Courtenay mentioned above abandoned his estates in France, and settled in England in the early part of the reign of Henry II. It is said that the reason of his expatriation was the disagreement between Louis VII. and his queen, Eleanor of Aquitaine, and her consequent divorce and re-marriage to the King of England—an end to which Courtenay had largely contributed. Henry, being thus indebted to him, did his best to help him to a good match on this side of the Channel, in consequence of which Reginald espoused Hawise or Alice, granddaughter of Robert de Abrincis, Viscount of Devonshire; and Hugh Courtenay, his descendant in the fourth generation, succeeded in due course to the annexed Earldom of Devon, being lineally sprung from Baldwin de Brion, Baron of Oakhampton and Viscount of Devonshire, through his son Hugh, the first Earl of Devonshire. He added to his position at Court by a fortunate marriage with Margaret, daughter of Humphrey de Bohun, the all-powerful Earl of Essex, by the Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter of King Edward I.

The succeeding earls were distinguished for

their loyalty and devotion to their king and country; and, during the Wars of the Roses, they firmly adhered to the Lancastrian cause. The first earldom of Devon became extinct on the death of John, eighth earl, who, having joined in the cause of Margaret of Anjou, fell, sword in hand, at the battle of Tewkesbury, in 1471. It is not to be wondered, therefore, that when the Tudors came to the throne the son of Henry of Lancaster should have resolved to bestow further honours on the Courtenays, and accordingly Edward, second Earl of Devon (of the new creation) was raised, in 1525, to the marquisate of Exeter.

He had the honour of tilting with Francis I. of France at the tournament which formed part of the amusements at the meeting of the French and English monarchs on the ‘Field of Cloth of Gold.’

His prosperity, however, lasted but a few brief years, for, in 1538, he was accused, truly or falsely, of high treason, in having, together with Henry Pole, Lord Montacute, and Sir Edward Nevill, conspired to place Reginald Pole, Dean of Exeter, upon the throne. He was executed,

by the headsman's axe, on Tower Hill, January 9, 1539, when his marquisate passed under attainer.

His son and heir, Edward, who, but for the attainer, would have been second marquis, was only twelve years old at his father's death, was kept a close prisoner in the Tower till the end of Henry's reign, and through that of his son Edward; but he was released on the accession of Mary, and restored by a new patent of creation, dated September 3, 1553, as Earl of Devon. The original precedence, however, of his ancestors he was never able to recover, as did the Dukes of Norfolk and Somerset. He is described by quaint old Fuller as being 'a person of a lovely aspect, a beautiful body, a sweet nature, and a royal descent.' Queen Mary is said at one time to have intended to bestow on him her hand, but this design never came about. Perhaps he was wise in steering clear of a match with so dangerous a lady as a Tudor princess. Some, however, say that the queen never forgave him for slighting her love for that of her sister Elizabeth. Be this as it may, he was again thrown into the Tower, from which he

was soon after released at the intercession of Mary's husband, Philip of Spain.

As his ancestor had come over to England from the Continent, so now he resolved to retire from this land of strife and war, and to seek a refuge in the sunny and peaceful south. He accordingly withdrew into Italy, where he died unmarried, not without suspicion of having been poisoned. His large estates passed into the families of Mohun, Trelawny, and Arundell of Trerice, and his earldom was supposed to have become extinct, or, at all events, to have passed into a hopeless abeyance ; so hopeless, that the earldom (and subsequently the dukedom) of Devonshire was held to be at the free disposal of the Crown, and was bestowed by James I. on the head of the house of Cavendish.

Towards the end of the reign of George IV., however, a claim to the ancient earldom was preferred by William, Lord Courtenay, of Powderham Castle, as a descendant of Hugh de Courtenay, second of the old earls of Devon; and, after a long investigation before a Committee of Privileges, it was resolved by the House of Lords in March, 1831, that the claim

had been clearly established. The new earl, however, who had long resided in Paris, where he led a self-indulgent and eccentric life, never came to England to take his seat in the House of Peers, the doors of which he had sought, at such cost of money and labour, to have opened in his favour. He died some three or four years afterwards, when the earldom passed to his cousin, William Courtenay, who had been for many years a clerk in the House of Peers; and his son, who sat as M.P. for South Devon in the House of Commons, and afterwards held office successively as Secretary to the Poor Law Board, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and also as President of the Poor Law Board, is the present head of the noble house of Courtenay, unless the *Almanack de Gotha* can furnish us with any elder branches among the *maisons royales* or *maisons duciales* on the Continent.\*

The Courtenays till quite lately retained for their motto the touchingly plaintive words, ‘*Ubi lapsus? quid feci?*’—‘Where am I fallen, and

\* Gibbon, as is well known, devotes an eloquent chapter of his ‘Decline and Fall’ to a general statement of the honours of this noble house.

what have I done?' These words, which express astonishment at a sudden and undeserved fall, are said to have been adopted by the Powderham branch of the Courtenay family, when they had lost the earldom of Devon. Of late they have adopted the far more prosaic motto, '*Quod verum tutum.*'

## THE GALLANT ADMIRAL LORD DUNDONALD.

EXCEPTING Lord Nelson, perhaps no other officer in the British Navy during the present century has gained greater distinction by his services than the late Admiral Thomas Earl of Dundonald, best known as Lord Cochrane, whose naval career was one of brilliant exploits and deeds of daring. In 1809 his destruction of the French ships in the Basque Roads dealt a crushing blow to the great Napoleon's maritime efforts. A few years later he served under the government of Chili and Peru, which had revolted against Spain, and his naval assistance mainly contributed to those provinces achieving their independence. His great feats in that war were his capture of Valdivia, and his cutting

out the Spanish frigate *Esmeralda* from under the fortifications of Callao. He was subsequently employed by the empire of Brazil, and there also he was completely successful. He was created Marquess of Maranham, in Brazil, and had conferred upon him the Grand Cross of the Imperial Brazilian Order of the Cruzers; he was also a knight of the Royal Order of the Saviour of Greece, and of the Order of Merit of Chili, and a Knight Grand Cross of the Most Noble Order of the Bath. He succeeded his father as tenth Earl of Dundonald in July, 1831.

It is not, however, of the services which won for his lordship the proud distinctions above-enumerated that I wish to speak in this paper, but rather of an episode in his life by which he was placed in a very awkward and unenviable position, namely, a charge of conspiracy and fraud in connection with the Stock Exchange, which was brought publicly against him in the year 1814.

Extraordinary panics have, at different times, taken place at the Stock Exchange, and the prices of stocks have risen and fallen with rapidity at the rumours of wars, foreign alli-

ances, and coalitions. Sometimes these rumours have been proved to be mere inventions. The most extraordinary conspiracy ever planned and carried out in order to bring about a panic, however, was that which formed the subject of the charge above referred to, and which was carried into execution towards the close of the great struggle between the First Napoleon and the allied sovereigns of Europe. The ‘funds’ were then in a very depressed condition, and great national anxiety prevailed. The best idea of this conspiracy, perhaps, may be gathered from a narrative of certain legal transactions which took place some sixty years ago.

The trial came on for this conspiracy in the Court of King’s Bench, Guildhall, on the 8th of June, 1814, the persons charged, besides Lord Cochrane, being Captain Randone de Berenger, the Hon. A. Cochrane-Johnstone, R. Gathorn Butt, Ralph Sandom (a spirit merchant at Northfleet), Alexander M’Rae, J. Peter Holloway, and Henry Lyte. They were indicted for conspiring to defraud the Stock Exchange ‘by circulating false news of Bonaparte’s defeat, of his being killed by the Cossacks, etc., in order

to raise the funds to a higher price than they would otherwise have borne, to the injury of the public, and the benefit of the conspirators.' The conspiracy was very dramatically carried out, and the report which was spread through the city by the principal persons concerned in it was such as to throw the citizens of London into a state of commotion.

It appears that about one o'clock, a.m., on the 21st of February in the above year, a person, who was proved at the trial to be none other than Randone de Berenger, stopped a watchman in the town of Dover, and inquired the way to the 'Ship Inn,' at that time the principal hotel in the town. The person, who gave the name of Colonel De Bourg, aide-de-camp of Lord Cathcart, was attired in a scarlet and gold uniform, with a large star on his breast. Having made his way, as directed, to the 'Ship Inn,' he knocked violently at the door, and, on being admitted, pretended that he had been conveyed in an open boat from France, and landed along the coast about two miles from Dover; that he was the bearer of important news from the seat of war—being nothing

less than ‘that the allies had gained a great victory, and had entered Paris ; that Bonaparte had been overtaken by a detachment of Sachen’s Cossacks, who had slain and cut him into a thousand pieces ; that General Platoff had saved Paris from being reduced to ashes ; and that the white cockade was worn everywhere, and that an immediate peace was now certain.’

He next wrote a letter to Admiral Foley, the port-admiral at Deal, conveying to him the above ‘important news ;’ and then immediately set off himself in a post-chaise for London, by way of Canterbury, Sittingbourne, and Rochester. The object in sending the letter to Admiral Foley was that he might have telegraphed the intelligence to the Admiralty ; but through the haziness of the atmosphere the semaphores were of no avail. On his arrival at Rochester, ‘De Bourgh’ made his way to the ‘Crown Inn,’ and communicated the news to the landlord ; and, taking care that the report should be spread at every available point on his journey, he hurried on until he came to the ‘Elephant and Castle,’ in the Kent Road ; but, finding no hackney-coach there, he ordered the post-boy to

drive him on to Marsh Gate, Lambeth, where he entered a hackney-coach, and was driven off to a house then recently taken by Lord Cochrane in Green Street, Grosvenor Square.

By a little after ten the rumours had reached the Stock Exchange, and the funds rose sensibly; but, on its being found that no confirmatory news had reached the Lord Mayor, they soon went down again. But an important auxiliary to this fraudulent contrivance shortly appeared. This was the arrival of three apparently military officers in a post-chaise from Northfleet, having the drivers and horses decorated with laurel. These were Sandom, M'Rae, and Lyte in disguise. To spread the news they drove through the City, and over Blackfriars Bridge, and were set down near the Marsh Gate, where they tied up their cocked hats, put on round ones, and walked away.

This last contrivance was the means of raising ‘omnium’ to 32 per cent. The amount of stock in the possession of Lord Cochrane and Messrs. Johnstone and Butt amounted to nearly one million; and it was proved in evidence that, but for this plan for raising the funds, they

must have been defaulters to the amount of £160,000, and nearly ruined by their speculations. Sandom, Holloway, and Lyte were ‘jobbers’ in the funds. At the time of the trial, the two latter had confessed what was their object to the Stock Exchange Committee, though they denied any participation with the other parties. De Berenger’s handwriting was proved ; and the coat, purchased at Solomon’s, at Charing Cross, was identified as having been bought and worn by him, and then sunk in the Thames, whence it was accidentally dredged up by a fisherman, M’Rae, who was in distressed circumstances, and who was proved to have received fifty pounds for his services.

For the defence it was contended and proved that Lord Cochrane was acquainted with De Berenger on honourable grounds, not arising from stock-jobbing transactions, having exerted himself to get him into the Navy ; likewise that he had authorised his broker to sell his stock whenever he could get a profit of one per cent.

Lord Ellenborough took two hours in summing-up the case, and the jury took another two hours and a half in arriving at a verdict.

They found all the persons guilty; and the sentence passed upon them was as follows: ‘That the defendants, Lord Cochrane and Butt, should each pay a fine of £1,000; the defendant, Holloway, a fine of £500; all the defendants to be imprisoned for one year in the custody of the Marshal of the Marshalsea; and that the defendants—Lord Cochrane, Butt, and De Berenger—should once, during that period, stand in and upon the pillory for one hour, between the hours of twelve and two at noon, in the open space facing the Royal Exchange in the city of London.’

Lord Cochrane at the time of the trial was Member of Parliament for the city of Westminster, and in the month of July he was brought to the Bar of the House of Commons, and called upon to make his defence. He most solemnly declared his innocence, and imputed great partiality to Lord Ellenborough, the judge who presided at the trial, and earnestly implored the House to institute a thorough investigation of the case. The motion, nevertheless, for his expulsion was carried; but that part of the sentence condemning him to stand

in the pillory was remitted, the Government being evidently afraid to carry it into effect, as Sir Francis Burdett had declared that, if it was done, he would stand beside his friend on the scaffold of shame.

So little did the ‘people’ believe in Lord Cochrane’s guilt, that, on the issuing of the new writ for Westminster, he was immediately and without opposition re-elected as their representative. To crown all, however, Cochrane’s political enemies had him stripped of his knighthood, and the escutcheon of his Order disgracefully kicked down the steps of St. George’s Chapel, Windsor Castle. Lord Cochrane demurred on principle to the remission of any part of his sentence, stating that, if innocent, he ought to be publicly proclaimed so; but that, if guilty, the punishment was certainly not too severe.

For many years Lord Dundonald remained under a cloud, a branded exile, devoting his courage to the cause of universal liberty, but lost to the country which he loved so much. In his old age justice, to some extent, was done to him by the restoration of part of the honours and dignities of which he had been stripped.

Under one Government, in 1832, Lord Dundonald received the free pardon of the Crown, and was promoted to that rank in the Navy which he would have held had he never been dismissed the service. Under a subsequent Government, in 1847, he was restored to the honours conferred upon him previous to his expulsion, a course which amounted to nothing less than a public recognition by the Government of his innocence. At his death in 1860, his remains were honoured with a grave among the nation's heroes in Westminster Abbey. Finally in 1877, the committee of privileges of the House of Lords decided that complete reparation would not have been done to Lord Dundonald unless the claims for 'back pay' which had been instituted by his successor, were recognised; the committee adding that it should further be borne in mind that the exceptionally brilliant services of Lord Dundonald rendered to the British Crown as a naval officer, would, but for his dismissal, probably have earned for him more ample and adequate reward than any which he received for his services. So tardy occasionally is the action of justice..

THE  
MURDER OF LORD CHARLEMONT.

THE family of Caulfeild, Earl of Charlemont, is one of great power and distinction in the north of Ireland, where its members have been settled for the last three centuries. The present Lord Charlemont is the owner of some twenty thousand seven hundred acres of land in the county of Armagh, and about five thousand nine hundred in the county of Tyrone; his nominal rent-roll in the two counties reaching, according to the modern Doomsday Book, to an aggregate of about twenty-five thousand six hundred pounds.

The founder of this noble family in Ireland was Sir Toby Caulfeild, son of one Alexander or Richard Caulfeild, Recorder of Oxford, who was descended from ancestors of great antiquity and

worth, settled in that county, and at Great Missenden, Buckinghamshire. Sir Toby was a distinguished and gallant soldier, and, to quote the words of Mr. Lodge, in his ‘Peerage of Ireland,’ ‘being initiated in the affairs of war when very young, performed many serviceable and memorable actions in the reign of Queen Elizabeth against her Majesty’s enemies in Spain, the Low Countries, and Ireland (all which are specified in the preamble to his patent of creation to the title of Baron of Charlemont), and especially against the formidable traitor, O’Neile, Earl of Tyrone.’

Towards the close of the sixteenth century Sir Toby Caulfeild took part in the siege of Kingsale against the Spaniards; and in the beginning of June, 1602, the Deputy, having collected his forces, took the field, entered Tyrone, and marched up to the passage of the Blackwater, which he had in the previous year discovered to be most convenient to carry her Majesty’s forces that way into the heart of that district. He there spent some time in causing a bridge to be built over the river, and a fort adjoining to guard the passage, which, after his

own Christian name, Charles, was called Charlemont. Captain Caulfeild, with his company of one hundred and fifty men, were left to command it. The services of this gallant band were so eminent, that the Queen was pleased to reward their leader with a grant of part of Tyrone's estate and other lands in the province of Ulster.

After King James' accession to the crown of England, he was honoured with knighthood ; called into his Majesty's Privy Council ; made Governor of the fort of Charlemont and of the counties of Tyrone and Armagh ; and further rewarded for his fidelity and worthy service with many grants of lands and employments. He was also returned as 'knight of the shire' for the county of Armagh, and appointed Master of the Ordnance. He was subsequently named Commissioner for the 'plantation' of the county of Longford and the territory of Elge O'Carrol in the King's County. In all these several employments and trusts the King found him so faithful, diligent, and prudent that he thought him highly deserving of the peerage of Ireland, and so created him Baron Caulfeild of Charlemont by

Privy Seal, bearing date at Westminster Nov. 1, and by patent at Dublin Dec. 22, 1620, limiting, or rather extending, the honour to his nephew, Sir William Caulfeild, and his issue male.

Toby, the third Baron of Charlemont, was returned to Parliament for the county of Tyrone, and succeeded his father as Governor of the fort of Charlemont—a very considerable and important place at the time of the rebellion of 1641—where he then lived, having his company of the 97th Foot (at fifteen shillings a day on the establishment) in garrison. But on Friday, October 22, he was surprised and made prisoner with all his family, and afterwards murdered by Sir Phelim O'Neill's directions, the circumstances whereof are related as follows in Lodge's work quoted above :

‘Sir Phelim O'Neill that day went to dine with his lordship, who very joyfully received and entertained him; but Sir Phelim having appointed that visit as a sign to his Irish followers, they repaired thither in great numbers, and his lordship's whole company, with the captain-lieutenant, Anthony Stratford, were either killed or imprisoned, and all the arms and

goods seized by Sir Phelim, who, being thus master of the place, marched that very night and took Dungannon ; and, after keeping his lordship, with his mother, sisters, brothers, and the rest of his family, fifteen weeks prisoners in Charlemont, sent them about five miles' distance to Killenane, the house of Lawrence Netterville. And the next day, sending away Major Patrick Dory, the Lord Caulfeild earnestly desired Sir Phelim that the major might stay with him, because he could speak the Irish language ; but Sir Phelim answered, he should have better company before night ; and the same day, in the major's presence, committed the charge of his lordship to Captain Neale Modder O'Neil and Captain Neale M'Kenna, of the Trough, in the county of Monaghan, with directions to convey him to Coughowter Castle. That night he was taken to Kinard, Sir Phelim's own castle, when, going into the castle between the said two captains, the latter spoke to Edmond Bog O'Hugh (foster-brother to Sir Phelim) saying, “ Where is your heart now ? ” whereupon the said Edmond shot his lordship in the back, whereof he then died.

‘ And that same night there were also fifteen or sixteen of Sir Phelim’s servants and tenants—all English and Scots—murdered at Kinard, among whom was a base son of Sir Phelim’s also murdered, because his mother was a British woman. And it is further observed that Peter Pilly, his lordship’s servant, three months before the rebellion broke out, being threatened by the Lady Caulfeild (his lordship’s mother) that she would turn him away unless he would go to church ; he said she need not trouble herself, for he did believe she would not stay long at Charlemont herself ; and the day the rebellion began he went with Sir Phelim to Charlemont, and took away his lordship’s horses.

‘ Sir Phelim took the king’s broad seal from the confirmation patent of the estate to his lordship’s father, and affixed it to a sham commission, which he pretended was granted by the king, authorising him to raise that horrid rebellion.’

The murder of Lord Charlemont took place on the 1st of March, 1641 ; and this further circumstance is added by the examination of William Skelton, then a servant to Sir Phelim O’Neill, who witnessed the perpetration of the deed from

a window, that, ‘as his lordship was entering in at the outward gate of Kinard House, one Clogholey O’Hugh fired his piece at him, and missed to discharge it; whereupon another rebel, named Edmond Boy O’Hugh, cocked his piece and shot his lordship, being on foot, who fell down, and uttered these words, “Lord, have mercy upon me!”

It also appears, by the deposition of Mrs. Jane Beer, that, not long after his lordship was murdered, the assassin was taken, and imprisoned in the gaol of Armagh, and had three men set as sentinels over him (as a mock exhibition on the part of Sir Phelim), namely, an Englishman, a Scotchman, and an Irishman. He, however, succeeded in making his escape, along with the gaoler; whereupon Sir Phelim O'Neill caused the three sentinels to be confined, and threatened to hang them all. The two former (the Englishman and the Scotchman) were accordingly executed; but the Irishman was released, and the gaoler who had conveyed away the murderer afterwards returned to his place, and remained there unquestioned and unmolested by Sir Phelim.

'A most surprising instance of the divine Providence seems to have interposed for the prevention of this horrid design (Lord Caulfeild's murder). The butler, an old and trusty servant,' so runs the narrative, 'remarked that the assassin, his accomplices, and the noble family, made up the odd number of thirteen; and observed, with dread and concern, that the murderers had often changed both their seats and their countenances, except the bravo himself, who kept his place on the left hand of Lord Caulfeild, as he was wont to do, being an intimate acquaintance.'

'The butler took the opportunity, whilst they were at dinner, to acquaint his lady with the causes of his uneasiness, telling her that he dreaded some direful event. She rebuked his fears; told him he was superstitious; asked if the company were merry, and had everything they wanted. He answered, he had done his duty: they all seemed very merry, and wanted nothing he knew of but grace; and since her ladyship was of opinion that his fears were groundless, he was resolved, through a natural impulse he felt, to take care of his own person. And thereupon

instantly left the house, and made the best of his way to Dublin.' The murder followed almost immediately after his departure, before he could well have reached the end of his journey.

His lordship dying unmarried, the honour devolved on Robert, his next brother, the fourth baron, who was a captain after the rebellion began. He, however, enjoyed the title only a few months, his death being occasioned by prescribing to himself too large a quantity of opium; so that William, the third son (his brother), surnamed 'the Good,' became the fifth Baron of Charlemont, and had the good fortune to apprehend Sir Phelim O'Neill, his brother's murderer, and have him executed. His lordship, Richard Blayney, Esq., 'Escheator' of Tyrone, and others were empowered to inquire 'What estate, right, and title Oliver Cromwell, or *any of his predecessors, kings or queens of England*, at any time had to any castles, manors, lordships, rectories, tythes, &c., within the county of Tyrone, by virtue of any Acts of Parliament or Council, or by reason of any attainder, escheat, or otherwise, who were then possessed thereof, and by what title, which commission was then

executed by an inquisition, taken August 9, 1658, at the town of Strabane.'

After the Restoration, his lordship was called into the Privy Council, &c., and, being highly esteemed by King Charles II. on account of his merit and services, was advanced to the degree of a viscount by privy seal, dated at Hampton Court, July 17, and by patent at Dublin, October 8, 1665, by which title he took his seat in Parliament.

His lordship, dying in April, 1671, was buried in the cathedral church of Armagh, under a noble monument erected to his memory. His lady was Sarah, second daughter of Charles, Viscount Drogheda, and sister to the wife of his brother Thomas; and his children were four sons and three daughters, his second (but eldest surviving) son, William, succeeding to his honours. This nobleman, who was a zealous supporter of the cause of the Prince of Orange (afterwards William III.) against King James, enjoyed the peerage more than half-a-century. His grandson, James, fourth Viscount Caulfeild of Charlemont, was a distinguished patriot, and was advanced to the dignity of Earl of Charle-

mont in 1763. His lordship was commander-in-chief of the volunteer army in Ireland in 1779. He died in 1799, when the family honours and estates passed to his eldest son, Francis William, who was elected an Irish representative peer, and who in 1837 was created Baron Charlemont, in the peerage of the United Kingdom, with remainder to his brother and male issue. The earl died in 1863, and, as he left no issue, he was succeeded in all his hereditary honours by his nephew, James Molyneux Caulfeild, the third and present Earl of Charlemont.

## THE DUDLEYS OF NORTHAMPTON-SHIRE.

FOR a little more than a century after the Restoration of the ‘Merry Monarch,’ few families held a higher position in ‘the land of spires and squires’ than the Dudleys, baronets and lords of the manor of Clapton, near Thrapston, in the above-mentioned county. During the Civil Wars they had espoused the cause of royalty, and had shown their zeal by parting with much of their plate and jewels, in order to supply the personal wants of the unfortunate Charles, and, when his son came to the throne, they were among the favoured ones who were not forgotten. The young king entered London in triumph at the close of May, 1660, and the patent of baronetcy bestowed on William Dudley, Esquire, of Clapton, in the county of North-

ampton, bears date the 1st of August following. Sir William was the lineal descendant of the Suttons, one of whom had taken, as was usual, or at all events common, in such cases, the surname of Dudley on his marriage with Margaret de Somerie, the daughter and heiress of John de Somerie, by his wife, Hawise Pagnell, whose ancestors were Lords of Dudley at a date very soon after the Norman Conquest. Sir William had three wives; but he had children only by his third lady, a daughter of Sir Paul Pindar, Alderman of London, whose mansion still partly stands—though on its last legs—in Bishopsgate Street Without. His son, the second baronet, was for many years member of parliament for his native county, and a Commissioner of the Customs; and as his grandson, another Sir William, proved to be the last of his line, the title expired with him in 1764.

Among the ancestresses of this Sir William Dudley, one deserves special mention for her personal bravery. Her name was Agnes Hotot, heiress of an ancient and noble family of that name, who claimed to have come over to Eng-

land with the Conqueror, though their name does not figure on the roll of Battle Abbey. She was certainly no unworthy daughter of a noble house, and she deserves being held in memory for one deed of gallantry, which stands recorded in a contemporary manuscript penned by a reverend monk, who was vicar of Clapton during the reign of Henry VII. The account runs as follows, the spelling of the manuscript being modernised :

‘The father of Agnes Hotot, the great heiress who married Dudley, having a dispute with one Ringsdale about the title to a piece of land, they—the litigants—resolved to meet on the disputed ground, and to decide the affair by single combat. On the day appointed for the encounter at the lists it so happened that Sir John Hotot was laid up with the gout; but his daughter Agnes, rather than that the land should be lost by default, armed herself cap-à-pie, and, mounting her father’s horse, went and encountered Ringsdale, whom she unhorsed after a stubborn contest. When he lay prostrate on the ground, she loosened her throat-latch, lifted up the vizor

of her helmet, and let her hair down about her shoulders, thus discovering her sex.'

It may be supposed that Ringsdale was somewhat crestfallen on finding that he had been fairly vanquished in the lists by a woman; and it is to be hoped that he carried his quarrel no further. Doubtless, there was no lack of suitors for the hand of this brave heroine; but, whether they were few or many, she married one of the Dudleys, from whom Sir William was directly descended in the fourth or fifth generation.

One memorial of the gallant deed of the fair Agnes survived, at all events as long as the male line of the Dudleys held the broad lands of Clapton; for they bore for their crest, as the heralds express it, 'On an eastern crown, or, a woman's head with a helmet thereon, hair dishevelled, throat-latch loosed, all proper.'\* Certainly the symbolism of heraldry is sometimes very appropriate and eloquent; and if there are any Dudleys still existing, whether within or

\* According to another account the arms are a chevron, or, between three lions' heads erased, arg.—'The Visitations of Northamptonshire,' Harl. MSS., 1553, fol. 188.

without the border of Northamptonshire, it is possible that they claim the right of bearing that crest as one of which they may well feel proud.

I am told by the present rector of Clapton that the last Sir William Dudley died at York in 1764, but in what churchyard he was buried is now unknown. The old church of Clapton has been pulled down and rebuilt, and all that now records the family is a pair of tablets almost illegible, though on one of them can be deciphered the words: 'Reliquiae Ed. Dudley, armigeri; obiit Maii 6, 1632, ætatis suæ 72.' Clapton Manor (or Hall, as it is now called) is probably a wing of a much larger building, and it still stands in park-like grounds. There is a tradition in Clapton that the lofty spire of the old church was struck by lightning, but that the Dudley of the day, instead of repairing it, pulled it and the tower also entirely down, and built two farm-houses with the stones, selling the bells to pay his gambling debts.

It only remains to add that some years prior to the death of the last of the Dudleys, the

estate was sold to Sir Hutchins Williams, Bart., a cousin of the ancestor of the present squire, the lord of the manor and patron of Clapton, Mr. Augustus Peere Williams-Freeman.

## THORNTON OF THORNVILLE.

AT the beginning of the present century few names were better known in the sporting world than that of Colonel Thornton, one of the wealthiest of the broad-acred squires of Yorkshire—that land of genuine sportsmen, with its open moors and heathery hills. The Thorntons, as heralds and genealogists tell us, either derived their name from, or gave it to, one of the sixteen lordships in the three Ridings which owned them as superiors. The most ancient of these, Thornton in Craven, perpetuates the family name, which is mentioned in deeds of the age immediately before the arrival of William the Conqueror. As legislators and as soldiers, as civilians, merchants, and diplomats, the Thorntons have rendered good

service to the State at various times and in various ways and places. But at present their connection with broad lands in Yorkshire would seem slight, as not a single Thornton figures in the modern ‘Doomsday Book’ as the owner of more than about two hundred acres in the whole of that county in which once they were wealthy squires.

The grandfather of the sporting colonel, Sir William Thornton, was in his day so active and zealous a supporter of the rights and privileges of his countrymen that he was chosen, as the leading Yorkshire squire, to present at the foot of the throne the articles of the union between England and Scotland in the reign of Queen Anne, on which occasion he received the honour of knighthood. Sir William’s son—of the same name—at the outbreak of the second Scottish rebellion, raised in Yorkshire, at his own cost, a corps of one hundred men, whom he fed, clothed, and commanded for several months. At the head of this little band Colonel Thornton marched into Scotland, joined the army of the Duke of Cumberland, and bore himself so bravely on the fields of Falkirk and Culloden that

the Stuart clans set a price of one thousand pounds on his head. On returning to England, he entered Parliament as member for York. In this character he signalised himself by revising the old code of the militia laws. He died young, and left his son, the future colonel, a minor.

The guardians sent the boy to the Charterhouse, where he may have been, and probably was, the schoolfellow of John Wesley. Ill-health, however, broke short his school career, and he was entered, when fourteen years of age, as a student of the University of Glasgow. Here he seems to have been a diligent scholar in term-time, though in his vacations he devoted himself wholly to field sports, his chief companions being Lords Rivers and Seaforth, Sir Thomas Wallace, and Mr. (afterwards the Right Hon.) William Windham. He took an especial delight in hawking, a diversion which he revived with some success upon the broad moors of his native county; and before he had attained his majority he had gained a name known all over England to the north of the Trent as a very keen rider, and one of the best

and most scientific breeders of horses and dogs. His stables and his kennels at Old Thornville were said to be the best in the county; and well they may have been such, for he grudged no expense for their maintenance. When the young squire came to London for ‘the season,’ he found that his fame had travelled thither before him in spite of the badness of the roads, which indeed made a journey from the north of Yorkshire to the metropolis a serious undertaking not easily accomplished in bad wintry weather in much less than ‘the inside of a week.’

On reaching town he was introduced as a member of the ‘Savoir Vivre Club,’ then recently established, where he met most of the ‘young bloods’ of the day, and some also of the rank and file of the army of literature, and so saw a little of ‘life.’ Charles James Fox and the Lord Lyttelton, whose ‘Ghost Story’ I have told in another work,\* were among the members of this club; and among its occasional guests and visitors was the kind-hearted Oliver Goldsmith. The annual subscription to the

\* See ‘Tales of Great Families,’ 1st series, vol. i.

club was four guineas, and a guinea was the charge for dinner, including wine. Cards and dice were in vogue at this club, according to the fashion of the age : but the colonel would have nothing to do with either the one or the other, being content, as he used to say, with ‘ sport,’ which rendered play needless. Indeed, it is said that when he put up over the chimney-piece of his library at Thornville a Latin inscription, declaring that his house was open to none but *veri amici*, he wrote below it : ‘ By the established rule of this house, all bets are considered to be off if either of the parties, by letter or otherwise, pay into the hands of the landlord one guinea by five the next day.’

We next find the colonel established *malgré lui* as a master of hounds. At first the pack was supported by a subscription among the neighbouring gentry ; but quarrels and dissensions arose, and in the end the hunt association was dissolved, and the colonel found himself obliged to maintain the pack at his own charges. This, however, was no very great burden, for he was a keen sportsman, and had plenty of ready cash in his pockets or at his bankers.

Indeed, so fond was he of sport that for seventeen years in succession he spent several months in the Highlands of Scotland, which at that time were almost as difficult of access as the Black Forest is now to the English tourist. Here he kept a journal, and, employing a young artist to make sketches of the neighbouring country, he brought his work before the public under the title of a ‘Sporting Tour through the Highlands of Scotland.’ Nor was this all, for, before quitting the north, he built on the lands of the Duke of Gordon a shooting-box which he humorously styled Thornton Castle.

Towards the end of the last century he had for his neighbour at Thornville the Duke of York, who had bought the estate of Allerton, and which a few years later the colonel purchased when it came into the market, styling it Thornton Royal. He also added to his Yorkshire estates by the purchase of Boythorp, on the wolds, on which he built a new mansion, which he called Falconer’s Hall, on account of his love for the merry sport of hawking, which he indulged on the open moors in the neighbourhood.

The list of the more celebrated of the colonel's horses and dogs occupies three pages in the 'Book of Sporting Anecdotes,' and among the latter are foxhounds, beagles, pointers, setters, greyhounds, spaniels, terriers, &c. Three of the hawks reared in his 'mews,'—named 'Sans Quartier,' 'Death,' and 'The Deuce,' from their respective qualities—were allowed to distance any tame birds of the kind which have been flown in modern times in pursuit of game.

The colonel was also a vigorous athlete; on one occasion he walked four miles in thirty-two minutes, and he could leap his own height, five feet nine inches. On one occasion, on the Newmarket race-course, he ran down a hare, picked her up, and carried her off in the presence of a large assemblage. He was also well-known in other circles, and especially as a patron of the 'ring,' which at that day was rendered all the more fashionable on account of the frequent presence of the Prince of Wales—the 'first gentleman in Europe'—at prize-fights.

But no man's life is quite unchequered. Here and there a dark cloud will overcast the sky of

every man. For instance, in spite of the efficiency of the West York Militia, of which he held the colonelcy, he was brought, through private malice, before a court-martial, being accused of unsoldierly conduct. This he felt keenly, and at one time he was tempted to resign his commission; but he was consoled by the love and affection of his Yorkshire neighbours, who, on his acquittal, took the horses from his carriage and drew him to his hotel in triumph, and presented him with a beautiful medallion in silver and a handsome sword.

‘The old Colonel,’ as he was always called, was a good scholar, a man of wit, and a great connoisseur in paintings, both ancient and modern; and his book on ‘Sport in Scotland’ had the honour of being reviewed in the *Quarterly* by no less a person than Sir Walter Scott.

As to the after life of Colonel Thornton, it would appear that he survived the malice of his enemies, and passed his declining years in peaceful retirement, retaining his love for his horses and dogs to the last. He did not, however, confine his affection to his horses, dogs,

and hawks. He married a lady from Essex, a Miss Corston, who was wise enough to cultivate a taste in the same directions as those of her husband. ‘The old Colonel’ died in 1823, when a large part of his estates was purchased by the late Lord Stourton, who changed the name of Allerton to Stourton Castle.

## THE CAVENDISHES.

VERY many of our great families bear names of local origin ; and the great ducal House of Devonshire forms no exception to the rule. Its members for some three centuries have stood prominent along with the Russells as champions of the Liberal cause, and of political freedom.

The original home of this house is Cavendish, in Suffolk, where Robert de Gernon (a descendant of one of the followers of the Conqueror) obtained a landed estate by marriage with an heiress in this lordship and manor, in consequence of which his son exchanged his father's name for that of the locality in which his lot was cast. The Gernons were of great note in Norfolk, Essex, and other counties, under our Norman kings ; and their names figure in English county

histories as the donors of large grants to various abbeys and other religious houses.

The first of the family of whom we read in history is Robert de Gernon, who gave considerable property to the Abbey of Gloucester in the reign of Henry I. He was the ancestor of Robert de Gernon, of Grimston Hall, in Suffolk, who, having married the daughter and heiress of John Potton, Lord of Cavendish, in that county, left at his decease in 1325, a family of four sons, who, according to the custom of those times, each took the local name of Cavendish.

According to Collins and the Heralds, the second of these sons, Roger Cavendish, was ancestor of Thomas Cavendish, the distinguished navigator, whose name is always mentioned along with those of Drake and Dampier, and who at his own cost victualled and furnished three ships, with which he set sail from Plymouth in July, 1586, and made a circumnavigation of the globe. This Thomas Cavendish, on his return to England, wrote a curious letter to Lord Hunsdon, the chamberlain and favourite of Queen Elizabeth; in which, after telling the courtier how he had gained victory over her

Majesty's enemies, he writes, 'I burnt and sunk nineteen sail of ships small and great, and all the villages and towns that ever I landed at I burned and spoiled.'

Elizabeth knighted this successful depredator, and, from the portion of the spoils that fell to his share as capitalist and commander, Sir Thomas Cavendish was said, in the language of the time, to have been 'rich enough to purchase a fair earldom.' He was, however, not so successful in his next and last voyage; for, having set sail from Plymouth, in August, 1591, and not being able to pass the Strait of Magellan, by stress of weather, and the mutinous spirit of his men, he was driven back to the coast of Brazil, where he met with an untimely death.

Sir John Cavendish, the eldest son of the above-mentioned Roger de Gernon, was a distinguished lawyer, and held the post of Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. In the fourth year of the latter reign he was elected Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, and was next year commissioned, with Robert de Hales, treasurer of England, to suppress the insurrec-

tion raised in the city of York, in which year the mob, to the number of about fifty thousand, made it a point, particularly in the county of Suffolk, to plunder and murder the lawyer. Being incensed in a more than ordinary degree against the Lord Chief Justice Cavendish, the mob seized upon and dragged him along with John of Cambridge, the Prior of Bury St. Edmunds, into the market-place of the latter town, and there caused them both to be beheaded.

The unpopularity of the judge arose in the following manner. The younger son of the judge, Sir John Cavendish esquire of the body to Richard II., is said by the old chroniclers to have been the person who actually slew Wat Tyler. ‘For William Walworth, mayor of London, having arrested him, he furiously struck the mayor with his dagger, but, being armed, hurt him not; whereupon the mayor, drawing his baselard, grievously wounded Wat in the neck; in which conflict, an esquire of the King’s house, called John Cavendish, drew his sword, and wounded him twice or thrice even unto death.’ For this service, Cavendish was knighted in Smithfield, and had a grant of forty

pounds per annum from the King. This Sir John Cavendish (or another of the same name) served under Henry V. in his wars in France, and played a conspicuous part in the battle of Agincourt.

The two great-grandsons of Sir John Cavendish were the brothers, George Cavendish and William Cavendish, both of whom distinguished themselves in no small degree. The latter held the post of Gentleman Usher to Cardinal Wolsey, in which capacity he waited on the Cardinal in his Embassy into France in 1527. He was also with the Cardinal in his chamber when the Earl of Northumberland and Sir Walter Welsh arrested him in the King's name, and was the chief person they suffered to be about him, Sir Walter telling Mr. Cavendish that 'the King's Majesty bore unto him his principal favour for the love and diligent service he had performed to his lord; wherefore the King's pleasure was that he should be about him as chief, in whom his Highness putteth great confidence and trust.' To give a more lasting testimony of his gratitude to the Cardinal, Mr. Cavendish drew up an account of his life and death, which he wrote in

the reign of Queen Mary, and afterwards published it. So faithfully indeed had William Cavendish served the Cardinal that, upon the death of the latter, King Henry retained him in his own service, ‘especially upon the grounds of his attachment to his late fallen master.’

In 1530 Mr. Cavendish was appointed one of the commissioners for visiting and taking the surrenders of religious houses, in which no doubt he obtained some good ‘pickings ;’ he subsequently held high offices in the State, including that of Treasurer of the Chamber to the King ; he likewise received the honour of knighthood, and had bestowed upon him grants of ‘forfeited church lands’ from the Crown.

But his wealth in this way was augmented chiefly by his fortunate marriage with ‘Bess of Hardwicke,’—she was his third wife—by whom he had a large family. It was this Sir William Cavendish who commenced the present princely mansion of Chatsworth, but died shortly afterwards, leaving his sorrowing widow in the full enjoyment of her worldly possessions, which she took good care should be securely settled upon herself and her heirs. Some time after-

wards, she became the wife of Sir William St. Lo, a captain of the Guard to Queen Elizabeth, whose ‘diverse fair lordships in Gloucestershire’ it was also arranged by the articles of marriage should be settled upon herself to the exclusion of her new husband’s relatives. She survived Sir William by some years; but even to this third widowhood, as Bishop Kennet observes in his ‘Memoirs of the Family of Cavendish,’ she had not survived her charms of wit and beauty, by which she captivated the then greatest subject of the realm, George, Earl of Shrewsbury, whom she brought to terms of the greatest honour and advantage to herself and children.’

Besides finishing the erection of Chatsworth, the countess built the mansions of Hardwicke and Oldcotes, all of which she transmitted in their entirety to her second son by her second husband, namely, another Sir William Cavendish, who in 1605 was raised to the peerage as Baron Cavendish of Hardwicke, in Derbyshire, and in 1618 advanced to a still higher dignity, as Earl of Devonshire. His mother ‘Bess of Hardwicke,’ Countess of Shrewsbury, lived to the age of eighty six, dying in February,

1607, and being buried in the south aisle of All Saints Church, Derby, in which town she had endowed a ‘hospital for the subsistence of poor people, who have each of them an allowance of near ten pounds per annum.’

Lord Cavendish was one of the first adventurers who settled a colony and plantation in Virginia; and, on the first discovery of the Bermuda Islands, he obtained, with the Earl of Northampton and others, a grant of them from the king. The islands were afterwards divided into eight cantons or provinces, bearing the name of eight of the chief proprietors, and accordingly one of them became known by the name of Cavendish.

William, the fourth Earl of Devonshire, having taken an active part in the revolution of 1688, was created, in 1694, Marquis of Hartington and Duke of Devonshire. His son William, the second duke, was grandfather of Henry Cavendish, the eminent chemist and philosopher. The third duke, having held the post of Lord Steward of the Household, was appointed, in 1737, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, which office he held till

1744. His son William, the fourth duke, who was also Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, married Charlotte, Baroness Clifford, of Lanesborough, only daughter and heiress of Richard, Earl of Burlington and Cork, by which union the Barony of Clifford, created by Charles I. in 1628, came into the Cavendish family. His third son, George Augustus, was created, in 1831, Earl of Burlington and Baron Cavendish, of Keighley, and was the grandfather of William, second Earl of Burlington, who, on the death of his cousin, William Spencer, sixth Duke of Devonshire, in 1858, succeeded to the ducal and other family honours, and is the present head of the noble family of the Cavendishes.

The fact that, in his day, the duke was all but ‘Senior Wrangler’ at Cambridge is regarded by himself as no small honour to the strawberry leaves which surround his coronet; and it is much to the credit of his grace’s family that, wherever their territorial possessions extend, not simply are the churches kept weather-tight and architecturally presentable, but every work of public utility and improvement is modestly and liberal-

ly encouraged and supported. It is true that the Cavendishes derive a splendid revenue from the town of Barrow-in-Furness, but few know of the princely sums supplied by him for providing church accommodation and educational advantages in that town.

### 'BESS OF HARDWICKE.'

IF prosperity and success in life are to be regarded as the measure and standard of happiness, few individuals can be said to have been more worthy to be styled happy than Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury, a lady better known to history as 'Bess of Hardwicke.\* It is not given to every woman, however nobly born and well-mated, to marry, as she did, four husbands in succession, and on each occasion that she went to the altar to rise higher and higher both in wealth and in social position.

It was her lot also to have children by one of her husbands only, and to see these children all married to the highest and the noblest in the land; and, finally, it was given to her to erect three at least of the most magnificent private

\* See above, pp. 113, 114.

mansions in this island—the princely Chatsworth, the stately Hardwicke Hall, and Oldcotes, all magnificent mansions in the county of Derby.

This lady was born the second daughter and eventually heiress of John Hardwick, or Hardwicke, of Hardwicke, Derbyshire, whose estates in that county she inherited on the death of her brother. She first saw the light of day in or about the year of grace 1516. Not much is known of her early education and training; but from the very first she would seem to have shown a spirit of independence and an indomitable courage which must have marked her out as no ordinary person. At the early age of fourteen she became the wife of Robert Barley, Esquire, of Barley, in Derbyshire, whose large estates she inherited under a deed of settlement. In the course of a few months she was left a widow, and in that state she remained for a period of twelve years, when she was married, as his third wife, to Sir William Cavendish, father of the first Earl of Devonshire, and the possessor of vast estates in different parts of the kingdom, a large portion of which had been acquired as grants of forfeited church lands in the reign of

Edward VI. To Sir William Cavendish this remarkable lady brought not only Hardwicke and the other possessions of her own family, but also those of the Barleys, which she had acquired under her first marriage. So great was the affection of Sir William for her that, at her desire, he sold his estates in the southern parts of England, in order to purchase lands in Derbyshire, where her own friends and kindred lived. Also, on her further persuasion, he began the erection of the noble mansion of Chatsworth, which he did not live to finish, as he died in the fourth year of the reign of Queen Mary, having had by his late wife a large family.

After a few brief years of widowhood, ‘Bess of Hardwicke’ married, as her third husband, Sir William St. Lo, Captain of the Guard to Queen Elizabeth. By this marriage her already extensive possessions were augmented by the whole of the estates of her husband, which were settled upon her and her heirs. On the death of Sir William, she was a third time left a widow; but soon after she married, as his second wife, George, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, whom she survived. With this last mar-

riage there was a stipulation that the earl's eldest daughter, the Lady Grace Talbot, should wed her eldest son (by her second marriage) Sir Henry Cavendish, and that his second son, Gilbert Talbot (who eventually succeeded to the Earldom of Shrewsbury), should marry her youngest daughter, Mary Cavendish. This amicable family arrangement was duly carried out at Sheffield in the month of February, 1567-8, the younger of the two couples being at the time only about fifteen and twelve years of age respectively. The Earl of Shrewsbury died in 1590, leaving his countess in the full enjoyment of all her worldly possessions, of which she would appear to have made good use, if that expression can be applied to her love of grandeur and propensity for building. According to Walpole's 'Aneecdotes of Painting,' there is a tradition in the family of Cavendish that a fortune-teller had once told this imperious lady that 'she would never die while she was building:' and that, 'accordingly, she bestowed a great deal of the wealth she had obtained from three of her four husbands in erecting large seats at Hardwicke, Chatsworth, Bolsover,

and Oldcotes, and, I think, at Worksop ; and died in a hard frost, when the workmen could not labour.'

The character of ‘Bess of Hardwicke’ is thus set forth by Lodge in his ‘Portraits of Illustrious Persons’: ‘She was a woman of masculine understanding and conduct; proud, furious, selfish, and unfeeling. She was a builder, a buyer and seller of estates, a money-lender, a farmer, and a merchant of lead, coals, and timber. She lived to a great old age, and died in 1607 immensely rich, and without a friend.’ Old Fuller writes of her as ‘a woman of undaunted spirit’; while upon her monument she is described as ‘beautiful and discreet.’ She had, as already stated, children by only one of her four husbands, namely, Sir William Cavendish, who thus became the founder of the famous family of Cavendish.

The estate of Hardwicke is situated about six miles from Chesterfield, and the house stands on high ground in a noble deer-park, full of trees which were not young in the days of the Tudors, perhaps even in those of the Plantagenets. At the time of the Conquest it formed part of

the manor of Steynesby, which was granted to Roger of Poictou. By King John it was transferred to Andrew de Beauchamp, and in the middle of the thirteenth century it passed to William de Steynesby, whose grandson, John, died possessed of it in 1330. Shortly afterwards it passed to the family of Hardwick, or De Hardwicke, who gave to it their name, and in whose possession it remained for six generations, their pedigree closing with Elizabeth Hardwicke, the wife of Sir William Cavendish, and the subject of this chapter. Hardwicke, with its princely domains, has continued in the possession of her lineal descendants, through the family of Cavendish, to their representative, His Grace the Duke of Devonshire and Baron Caven-dish of Hardwicke, the present noble owner.

‘Hardwicke,’ writes Mr. S. C. Hall, in his ‘Baronial Halls,’ ‘has for a very long period derived romantic interest from the popular belief that it was one of the prisons of the lovely and persecuted Queen of Scots. It is, however, certain that, although for a time in the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury, she never was immured at Hardwicke, her prison having been one of the

earl’s “ strong castles at Sheffield,” where she passed twelve weary years in “ melyncholy and grefe,” in “ sickness and despair;” the victim of unceasing suspicion, “ in the hopeless monotony of sedentary employment, with an impaired constitution and a restless mind,” and treated with so much severity by the countess as to extort from the more humane earl, in one of his petitions to the Queen, a complaint against his “ wyked and malysious wyfe.” ”

Hardwicke, according to the authority here quoted, appears to have been built subsequently to the death of Mary; ‘but,’ adds the writer, ‘there is little doubt that the room called “The Queen’s Room,” in memory of the unhappy lady, was furnished with the bed and other furniture removed hither from Chatsworth, where she was for some time a prisoner.’ According to Lysons, the house ‘exhibits a most complete specimen of the domestic architecture which prevailed among the higher ranks during the reign of Queen Elizabeth;’ and it remains in its original state, ‘with little or no alteration.’ The poet Gray, adopting the popular error, pictures it as so primitive in character that ‘one

might think that the Scottish Mary was but just walked down into the park ;' and Mrs. Radcliffe, who gives a lengthy description of the mansion in her 'Tours of the Lakes' (published in 1795), notes the 'proud, yet gentle and melancholy look of the queen as she slowly passed up the hall,' and contrasts it with the 'somewhat obsequious, yet jealous and vigilant air' of my Lord Keeper Shrewsbury.

There is no necessity to describe Hardwicke Hall at length, as it is better known to English tourists than almost any other great show-house in the Midland district. It is a magnificent structure in the Elizabethan style, massive and firm in construction, whilst solemn grandeur is the great characteristic of the stately pile. Its general form is square, with a high square tower at each corner, and with large medallioned windows; indeed the windows are so extensive as to have given risen to a local adage—

' Like Hardwicke Hall,  
More windows than wall.'

Round the top is a parapet of open work in which frequently appear the initials of the

founder‘ E.S.,’ silent ‘memorials of the proud dame’s vanity.’

The older Hardwicke Hall, which ‘Bess of Hardwicke’s’ mansion superseded, still stands only a few hundred yards off, a deserted ruin; but it certainly must have been a more comfortable dwelling-house than that by which it was superseded. In the walls high up may still be seen marble mantelpieces carved with stags’ heads, the heraldic bearings of the Cavendishes, but they look as if they would fall with the next winter’s storms.

It is only necessary to add that the tomb of Bess of Hardwicke is to be seen in the southern aisle of All Saints’ Church, Derby. It is a large and magnificent structure of its kind, which would be perhaps best described as Jacobean, made of marble and alabaster, and rich in carving and heraldic bearings. It was designed by herself some years before her death, and she would frequently visit the church to watch its progress towards completion.

## OLIVE, PRINCESS OF CUMBERLAND AND DUCHESS OF LANCASTER.

MOST readers are aware of the fact that, like the Duchy of Cornwall, the Duchy of Lancaster is an appanage of the British Crown, and a source of income to royalty. Few, however, possibly are aware that within the memory of our fathers the title of Duchess of Lancaster was assumed and borne by a lady in virtue of an alleged bestowal of that honour on her by George III., and that she was recognised as such by four royal dukes, and received with full honours as a member of the royal family at the Lord Mayor's dinner at the Guildhall little more than sixty years ago, though she now lies in a humble grave!

And who was this Duchess of Lancaster ? and how came she to assume that title ?

I will tell the story as her daughter has told it in certain documents of a legal nature, which she not very long since brought forward in evidence of her claim before the House of Lords, and a copy of which has come into my possession.

To make the narrative plain, I must go back more than a hundred years. At the commencement of the reign of George III., there was living in the town of Warwick a clergyman of some literary and social distinction, the Rev. Dr. James Wilmot—a man who was, in the opinion of many persons, the real author of ‘Junius’s Letters,’ and who had married a Princess Poniatowski, sister of the last reigning sovereign of Poland. The issue of this union—if the statements of the family are to be believed—was an only child, a daughter, Olive, who was married by her father, on the 4th of March, 1767, at Lord Archer’s house in Grosvenor Square, to no less a person than His Royal Highness Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, the youngest brother of George the Third.

It is well known that King George had a great aversion to any of the royal family con-

tracting a marriage with an English subject;\* accordingly, it appears that this marriage was kept quite private, and, indeed, was not known for several years afterwards to the public, though two distinguished noblemen, the Earl of Warwick and the great Lord Chatham (the elder Pitt) were privy to its celebration, and certified to its regularity by their formal signatures.

On the 3rd of April, 1772, this marriage resulted in the birth of an only child, a daughter, who was privately baptised the same day as Olive Wilmot, and was brought up to believe herself the daughter of Mr. Robert Wilmot, and *niece* of the reverend gentleman who, if the story be true, was her grandfather. The family lived at Warwick, and Olive Wilmot grew up to childhood and to womanhood apparently quite unconscious of her real royal parentage, although on the day following her birth she was ‘rebaptised, by the King’s command, as Olive, daughter of the Duke of Cumberland.’ This second baptism, however, was not entered in the

\* See ‘Two Royal Marriages,’ in ‘Tales of Great Families.’ 2nd Series, vol. i., p. 298.

parish register, but was placed on record by a certificate signed by Dr. Wilmot, his brother Robert, and John Dunning (afterwards Lord Ashburton). The certificate of this union was kept private and sacred, being entrusted to the care of Lord Warwick, as was also the following document, which I copy from the legal statements put forward in evidence only a few years since before the House of Lords.

‘GEORGE R.

‘We are hereby pleased to create Olive of Cumberland Duchess of Lancaster, and to grant our royal authority for Olive, our said niece, to bear and use the title and arms of Lancaster, should she be in existence at the period of our royal demise.

‘Given at our palace of St. James’s, May 21,  
1773.

(Witnesses)

‘CHATHAM.

‘J. DUNNING.’

This paper may have been written in full by the King; but it clearly is very informal, as it departs from the usual phraseology of ‘name style, and title,—and does not mention in the

second clause the grade in the peerage to which his Majesty wished to elevate ‘our niece,’ whether to that of a baroness, a countess, or a duchess. It was agreed, however, between the King, his brother, Dr. Wilmot, and witnesses, that the patent of creation should not be acted upon during the life of George III.; the reason alleged being that this step was necessary in order to screen the King’s brother from a trial for bigamy, as in 1771 he had married publicly Lady Anne Luttrell, daughter of the Earl of Carhampton, and widow of Mr. Christopher Horton, of Catton, in Derbyshire. It is clear, however, that if this was the real ground for suppressing the patent of creation, it would have been far more sensible (since the King was privy to his brother’s marriage) to have agreed that the patent should not be acted on during the life of the Duke of Cumberland himself, seeing that his death—which happened in 1790—of course put an end to all possibility of his being indicted for bigamy.

In 1791 this Miss Olive Wilmot, as she was reputed to be, apparently in profound ignorance of her rank, bestowed her hand on Mr.

John Thomas Serres, of whom all that we know is that he was a son of Dominic Serres, and that he followed the profession of a portrait painter.

Here I prefer to tell the story of 'Olive, Duchess of Lancaster,' in her own words. She says, in her printed 'case' :—

'The said Olive Serres, having been informed of her proper position in life shortly after the demise of His Majesty King George III., and being (as she had foundation to believe) the legitimate daughter of Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, fourth and youngest brother of his said Majesty, assumed the honour, title, and dignity of a princess of the blood royal, styled herself "Her Royal Highness Olive, Princess of Cumberland," and adopted the royal arms, livery, and seals in like manner as made use of by other junior members of the royal family.'

In September, 1820, not long after succeeding to the throne, George IV. issued his command, through Lord Sidmouth, that the certificate of marriage between his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, and the elder Olive Wilmot should be 'proved and authenticated.' This was done: it

was duly authenticated before Lord Chief Justice Abbott (afterwards Lord Tenterden); and the lady in question was told—apparently, however, only *verbally*—by her solicitor, a Mr. Bell, that his Majesty ‘had been graciously pleased to acknowledge her royal highness as Princess of Cumberland, only legitimate daughter of his late uncle, Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland,’ and to give orders that she should have found for her a suitable residence until a permanent one could be fixed upon, and that pecuniary means, sufficient to enable her to keep up her dignity, should be at once placed at her command. She was then living in Alfred Place, Bedford Square; and even by her own statement the information does not appear to have been sent to her officially.

The Dukes of Sussex, Clarence, and Kent, it appears, were not slow in acknowledging their new cousin, being satisfied that the documents with their father’s signature, ‘George R.’, were genuine; and although the Duke of Cambridge did not acknowledge her till a far more recent date (1844), and the Duke of York refused to follow suit altogether, she maintained that the

Duke of Kent had long previously gone so far as not only to make a will bequeathing to her £10,000, and to assign to her and her child a yearly income of £400 under his hand and seal, promising solemnly to see his ‘cousin reinstated in her royal birthright at his father’s demise,’ but absolutely to nominate her as the future guardian of his infant daughter, her present Majesty. The documents are as follows:—

1. ‘I solemnly testify my satisfaction as to the proofs of Princess Olive of Cumberland’s birth, and declare that my royal parent’s sign manual to the certificates of my dearest cousin’s birth is, to the best of my own comprehension and belief, the genuine handwriting of the King, my father. Thus I constitute Olive, Princess of Cumberland, the guardian and the director of my daughter Alexandrina’s\* education, from the age of four years and upwards, in case of my death, and from the Duchess of Kent being so unacquainted with the mode of English educa-

\* It will be remembered that her Majesty’s full name is ‘Alexandrina Victoria,’ and that it was under that double name that she was first proclaimed queen.

tion ; and, in case my wife departs this life in my daughter's minority, I constitute my cousin Olive the sole guardian of my daughter till she is of age.

‘ EDWARD.

‘ London, Nov. 1st, 1819.’

2. ‘ Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, binds himself hereby to pay to my daughter, Lavinia Janetta Horton Serres, £400 yearly during her life, in regular quarterly payments, and further promises that she shall be the young lady companion of his daughter Alexandrina, when that dear infant attains her fourth year. Witness the royal signature of his royal highness, in confirmation of this sacred obligation.

‘ OLIVE.

‘ EDWARD.

‘ Dec. 17th, 1819.’

The Duke of Kent lived only a few weeks after signing this strange paper, dying a week before his father ; but he survived long enough—if this story be true—to ‘ recommend solemnly Mrs. Olive Serres, otherwise Olive, Princess of Cumberland,’ to his brother, afterwards George

IV., and to write other formal appeals to his wife and to his infant child, in order to aid her in obtaining ‘her royal rights.’

At the request of the Duke of Kent, the late Mr. Robert Owen, of Socialist memory, advanced to the princess no less than £1,200 ; and it appears from these papers, if they are genuine, and not forgeries, that the sum was repaid to his son, Mr. Robert Dale Owen, by her present Majesty’s command.

The rest of the story of ‘Olive, Princess of Cumberland and Duchess of Lancaster,’ may be soon told. Her mother had died in France, early in life, of a broken heart, brought on by the trouble and anxiety entailed on her by her connection with royalty, all the more perilous because it was clandestine. Her husband, Mr. Serres, the portrait-painter, died in 1824, and ten years later (in November, 1834) she died also of a broken heart ; she was buried in the churchyard of St. James’s, Piccadilly, and had the satisfaction, such as it was, of being entered in the register as a princess of the blood royal.

Her daughter, Lavinia Janetta Horton Serres, married a Mr. Ryves—a member of a good

Dorsetshire county family—but the marriage did not turn out happily, the union being dissolved by a legal separation. Mrs. Ryves died, if not in actual poverty, at all events in very needy circumstances, in lodgings in Queen's Crescent, Haverstock Hill, in December, 1871; her husband, too, ended his days in obscurity early in the year 1873. Besides one son and one daughter, who are deceased, Mrs. Ryves had issue three daughters and two sons, who survived her, by no means in affluent circumstances. I believe it is true, and if true it is a wonderful example of the irony of history, that the lady who, assuming her own statement to be trustworthy, was the second cousin of our most gracious Queen, and her possible and intended guardian, was dependent in her last illness on the aid and support of those who had little enough of their own to spare, and that she now lies in I care not to say how humble a grave in the cemetery at Highgate.

But my readers will want to know what steps were taken by the Princess Olive, and by her daughter, Mrs. Ryves, in order to prosecute their claim to the title bestowed by George III.,

and to the legacy left them by the will of Edward, Duke of Kent.

The lady who had trod upon scarlet laid along her path when she dined in state at the royal table at the Guildhall in November, 1820, was arrested in the following year upon a promissory note, most probably on purpose to raise the question of her birth in a legal shape and form. She pleaded that, as a member of the royal family, she was privileged from arrest; and, although baffled on this occasion by a legal technicality, in the next year she gained her point in another way. I use her daughter's words :—

‘My mother . . . . subsequently gained, or rather was granted, her privilege . . . . as being a member of the royal family; for, having refused to pay taxes for armorial bearings, male servants, &c., an information was filed against her in the Court of Exchequer by the then Attorney-General, and after hearing the arguments on the case for several days the Chief Baron advised the Attorney-General to withdraw the information, which he accordingly complied with.’

She must, however, have had a strong taste for the law and law-courts, as next year—I am not informed how the circumstance came about—she was a prisoner for debt, and ‘living within the Rules of the Fleet.’

Her daughter tells us, with apparent satisfaction, that

‘She was delivered into the custody of the Warder by the name, style, and title of “Princess of Cumberland.” From the Fleet she was removed into the custody of the Marshal of the King’s Bench, when, after having been for seven years in illegal bondage, her liberty was effected by a writ from the Crown Office to the Marshal of the King’s Bench for the Princess to proceed to the Judges at Westminster to receive her liberty, which she accordingly did, and obtained it.’

On the death of George IV. the daughter, Mrs. Ryves, filed a bill in Chancery against the Duke of Wellington, as the King’s executor, for the money due to her mother from the estate of George III., but was again defeated by a legal technicality which prevented her right from being really tried at law. But, with respect to

her claim to royal blood, she was wholly powerless to take any further steps until the passing of the ‘Legitimacy Declaration Act’ in 1858. Under the provisions of this Act, as soon as she could collect sufficient funds, she brought forward in 1861 a suit to establish her own birth as ‘the lawful daughter of John Thomas Serres, and Olive, his wife;’ and returning to the charge in 1866, she endeavoured to obtain a decree for the legitimization of her grandmother’s marriage with the Duke of Cumberland. But in this effort she failed signally. In fact, to use her own words, ‘the decree of the Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes of June 13th, 1866, declared that Olive Serres was not the legitimate daughter of the Duke of Cumberland, and that there was no valid marriage between the said duke and Olive Wilmot.’

Against this decision Mrs. Lavinia Janetta Horton Ryves appealed, as a last resource, to the House of Lords; but she again failed in her appeal, which was dismissed in a very summary manner by the law lords during the Chancellorship of Lord Selborne. This failure, no doubt, as it stripped her of her last worldly possessions,

also broke her heart; and she died, as I have said, in poverty at Christmas, 1871, like her mother before her, a victim to disappointed hopes and shattered ambitions. Alas! how true are the bitter words :—

‘The lovely young Lavinia *once* had friends !’

Thus far I have given my story in the words of Mrs. Ryves. The death of her mother, however—the Princess Olive—gave occasion to a long obituary notice of her career in the pages of the *Gentleman’s Magazine* for the year 1835, in which her pretensions to royalty are treated as ‘fabrications,’ and she herself denounced as an ‘extraordinary and aspiring impostor.’ On the principle of *Audi alteram partem*, I take from the notice of Mr. Sylvanus Urban all the facts which are in any way supplemental to my story of Mrs. Ryves.

It is here said that her father, Mr. Robert Wilmot, was a house-painter at Warwick, and that while living with her uncle, the Rev. Dr. Wilmot, shortly after quitting school, she appeared as a witness on a very extraordinary trial for a burglary in her uncle’s house, for

which two men were convicted and executed.

'Her account,' adds Mr. Urban, 'was very marvellous, and her conduct, as she represented it, highly heroic.' Her husband, Mr. John T. Serres, was scene-painter at the Royal Coburg Theatre, and also marine-painter to King George III. and to the Duke of Clarence; her husband's father, Count Dominic Serres, a gentleman of French extraction, who had been taken a prisoner of war, settled in England, and became one of the early members of the Royal Academy. After her separation from her husband, Mrs. Serres was thrown on her own resources, and in 1806 obtained the appointment of landscape-painter to the Prince of Wales. It is believed that at one time she also made an appearance on the stage, and performed as Polly in the '*Beggar's Opera*'.

Always possessed of a busy and romantic imagination, Olive at an early age essayed her powers at original composition, and in 1805 published a novel entitled '*St. Julian*'. In the following year she gave to the world a volume of poetical miscellanies, which, strangely enough, she named '*Flights of Fancy*'. These she

followed up with an opera, ‘The Castle of Avala,’ and a volume of ‘Letters of Advice to her Daughters.’

‘In 1813,’ writes Mr. Sylvanus Urban, ‘she embarked in her first attempt to gull the public by proclaiming her late uncle, Dr. Wilmot, to be the long-sought author of “Junius’s Letters.” These pretensions, advanced by her in a “Life of the Rev. James Wilmot, D.D.,” were negatived by letters from Dr. Butler, of Shrewsbury, (afterwards Bishop of Lichfield,) and Mr. G. Woodfall, published in the *Gentleman’s Magazine* for August, 1813, and giving rise to a controversy which was carried on for several months.’ Her next freak was an ‘Explanation of the Creed of St. Athanasius for the advantage of youth !’

‘About the year 1817,’ continues Mr. Urban, ‘she first discovered, or professed to have discovered, that she was not the daughter of Mr. R. Wilmot, but of Henry, Duke of Cumberland. At first she was satisfied to be accounted illegitimate—that was honour enough ; but she shortly after professed to be his legitimate daughter. At first her mother was Mrs. Payne, sister to Dr.

Wilmot, and afterwards she became the doctor's own daughter. On these pretensions she proceeded to forward her claims to the Prince Regent and the royal family, and to the officers of the Government. She now employed herself in fabricating several absurd and contradictory statements, the most weighty of which was a will of George III. in which he left her fifteen thousand pounds. In the Session of 1822 or 1823, Sir Gerard Noel was induced to move in the House of Commons for an investigation of her claims. The motion was seconded by Mr. Joseph Hume; but Sir Robert Peel, in a most clear and convincing speech, set the matter at rest, and enlightened the few who had been deceived by her extravagant assumptions. He pointed out that her documents were framed in the most injudicious and inconsiderate manner, many of the signatures being such as could never have been made by the parties whose they professed to be. He concluded his speech by humorously observing that "even if these claims were given up, there were others which could yet be pressed, for the lady had 'two strings to her bow.' In fact, he held in his hand

a manifesto of the Princess Olive, addressed to the highest powers of the Kingdom of Poland, and stating that she was descended from Stanislaus Augustus !” From this time, however, the Princess Olive was constrained to relinquish her carriage and her footmen in the royal liveries, which some simple tradesmen had enabled her to display.’

Her later years were spent, I fear, not only in obscurity, but in absolute poverty, and, indeed, ‘within the Rules of the King’s Bench,’ where she died.

I have seen a portrait of the Princess Olive, and certainly no one who inspects it will deny that she bore a striking likeness to the royal family, and especially to King George IV.

## ‘WILD’ DARELL OF LITTLECOTE.

THE story of ‘Wild’ Darell of Littlecote, one of the most romantic in the annals of ‘romantic Wiltshire,’ is known to the readers of Sir Walter Scott’s poem of ‘Rokeby’—where it is given in the form of a note at the end of the volume—and it has been often told in a variety of other shapes; but it is one, nevertheless, which will at all events bear re-telling in these pages.

The estate of Littlecote, formerly the property of the Darells, and now of the Pophams, is situated just within the borders of Wiltshire, to the westward of Chilton Foliot, partly in that parish, and partly in the parish of Ramsbury, some two or three miles from the town of Hungerford, in Berkshire. The hall, as it at present stands, is one of those picturesque red brick edifices of Tudor times, enriched with

mullioned windows, gables, and ornamented chimney-stacks, which so much delight the eye of an artist, and are so eagerly seized upon by the writer of romance as the scene of some wild and thrilling story. It is a spacious edifice, and appears to have been erected by one of the Darells in the early part of the sixteenth century, ‘about the time of the termination of feudal warfare, when defence came no longer to be an object in a country mansion.’ The park comprehends an area of about four miles in circumference, and is adorned with groups of various kinds of trees. On one side of it rises a lofty hill, crowned with wood, and forming a striking contrast with the luxuriant and level meadows spread along the banks of the river Kennet, a branch of which runs through the garden, and there constitutes a preserve for trout, which can be seen darting hither and thither, or rising with a dash to the rippling surface.

Old Leland, writing in the time of Henry VIII., describes the estate as ‘a right faire and large parke hangyng upon the clyffe of an highe hille welle woddyd, over the Kenet.’ When Leland saw the hall it was doubtless not very old; but it

most probably had taken the place of some ancient mansion, more suitable to the feudal times which were then passing away. Considerable alterations have been made in the building, particularly towards the end of the last and beginning of the present centuries ; the interior, however, still preserves many features of bygone times. The great hall is very spacious, floored with stone, and lighted by large and lofty windows. Its walls are, or were till recently, hung with numerous relics of ancient armour, such as coats-of-mail, helmets, cross-bows, old-fashioned pistols, carbines, leather jerkins, and other defensive and offensive accoutrements. In it is a remarkable table of massive oak, black with age and use, and reaching nearly from one end of the hall to the other. It was along the sides of this table that the retainers of the family sat at meals in the olden times, above and below the salt. In a long gallery upstairs are ranged family portraits of knights and gallants of the Darells down to the last of the line, and also of the Pophams, their successors.

From the very earliest period of its recorded history till the days of Elizabeth, Littlecote was

the seat of the Darells, a plain ‘county family.’ The first of the name who possessed it, and who acquired it by his marriage with an heiress of the Calstons, in the early Plantagenets, was one William Darell, who held the office of sub-treasurer of England. He appears to have fixed his abode on the lands that had thus fallen to his lot, and there he established a race of knightly distinction, which flourished for several generations in honour and esteem. The sub-treasurer’s eldest son, Sir George Darell, succeeded to his maternal inheritance, and became the ancestor of the Darells at Littlecote. His son, Sir Edward, who was next in possession, was thrice married, and had one only son, John, a gallant soldier, who was slain at Airde in Picardy, in the wars against France. He was the grandfather of the ill-fated Will (or ‘Wild’) Darell, to whom reference is made at the opening of this chapter.

Aubrey, who wrote about the end of the seventeenth century, seems to have been the first to leave any record of the story we are about to relate; he introduced it into a notice of the life of Chief Justice Popham. The history

he gives of the crime is very clear and distinct; and it is probable that it was from Aubrey's account that the materials were gleaned which form the note to Scott's poem of 'Rokeby.' Local tradition adds somewhat to Aubrey's narrative. The story, as told in the neighbourhood to this day, is somewhat as follows :

In the time of Queen Elizabeth, towards the close of the sixteenth century, there was an old midwife, of great skill and practice, who dwelt in a small cottage by the roadside some few miles from Littlecote. Whether it was at Ramsbury or at Chilton is not quite clear; for accounts differ on that score. One night, shortly after retiring to rest, she was aroused by a loud knocking at her door. There was, however, nothing particularly unusual in such a proceeding as that; but, as soon as she ascertained the cause of her being disturbed, she endeavoured to excuse herself on the score of fatigue, having only just returned from exercising her professional duties in another quarter. She pleaded to be allowed to send an assistant, whom she kept in the house. The messenger, however, urged that, as her services were required by a person of con-

sequence, it was utterly impossible for him to think of taking her ‘deputy.’ He was resolved to gain the principal, and no one else, for his purpose. The old woman thereupon descended the stairs and unfastened the door.

The night was dark, and the wind blew in fitful gusts; and, just as she opened the door, the lighted taper which she carried was suddenly extinguished. She had not time even to see the stranger’s face. The man had dismounted from his horse, which was tied to a stile close by. Having inquired of the old woman what was her fee, and received a reply, the stranger told her that she should receive twenty times the amount on condition that she accompanied him then and there without a word of hesitation or inquiry, or of mention or inquiry ever afterwards; and that she allowed herself to be blindfolded when she mounted the horse that was ready pillioned to carry her. The reward which was offered proved quite sufficient to outweigh the woman’s scruples and fears, if she really entertained any. She gave the promise, and, having had her eyes bandaged with a scarf, she mounted to the pillion, and the pair set off together at a brisk

trot. What followed may be gathered from the evidence of the woman at the trial, which came as a sequel to the night's performance which she was just commencing.

'After they had travelled about three-quarters of an hour,' so runs the narrative of the case, 'she expressed great alarm, but her conductor assured her that no harm should happen to her, and added that they had still further to go. He got off his horse several times to open gates, and they crossed many ploughed and corn-fields; for, though it was quite dark, she could discover that they quitted the high-road within two miles of her own house; she also said they crossed a river *twice*. After they had been about an hour and a half on their journey, they entered a paved court or yard, as she concluded from the clattering of the horse's feet on the stones. Her guide now lifted her off her horse, and conducted her through a long dark passage, in which she only saw a glimmering of light at a distance, which was concealed or put out upon the shutting of a large gate through which they passed.'

The old midwife was then led up certain

stairs, the steps of which, by the way, she took the precaution to count; they were twenty-two in number. A door closed behind her; the bandage was taken from her eyes; and then she found that her conductor in the house was a white-faced, frightened serving-woman, who instantly quitted the room without speaking. The old crone at once perceived that she was standing in a fine and lofty chamber. A bright fire was blazing on the hearth, and near it stood a large bed hung round with blue curtains, from which came sound of weeping and pain. At the other end of the room a man, richly dressed, was pacing backwards and forwards in an angry or agitated manner. Having, in a subdued tone, bid the woman do her ‘office,’ the man quitted the apartment. As soon as the event was completely over, she had a glass of wine given her, and was told to prepare to return home by another road, which was not quite so near, but free from gates or stiles. She begged to be allowed to repose herself for a quarter-of-an-hour in the arm-chair whilst the horse was being got ready, pleading the extreme fatigue she had undergone the preceding day.

Thus seated, the weight of mystery oppressed her, and she thought of the strangeness of her situation. She noted all she could in the room, and silently and unsuspected cut with her scissors a small piece out of the bed curtains, and secreted it in her pocket. ‘Suddenly she became aware that the gentleman whom she saw on entering the room had come back, and stood by the bedside. He leant over the mother, and she gave a shriek. He had seized the child from her breast, and in a moment he dashed it among the embers on the hearth. The infant fell on one side from the fire. The agonised mother pleaded with brief strength from the bed; the old woman clung to his arm; but again he raised the child and cast it down, and the murder was consummated. Then he rushed out.’

Soon afterwards the servant entered the room with the scarf, the old woman’s eyes were again bandaged, and she was led out again into the fresh air. The horse being in readiness, she was lifted into the pillion, and the pair were soon on the journey back, but by a different road. At the time of parting from the guide,

which was within fifty yards of her own dwelling, he made her swear to observe secrecy, at the same time putting into her hand a purse, which she afterwards found to contain twenty-five guineas. For some time the old woman kept her terrible secret; but at length the strange events so preyed upon her mind, that she went to a justice of the peace and narrated to him the whole of the facts in as clear a manner as she was able. Suspicion was at once directed to Littlecote Hall, and to William-Darell, its master. The number of steps leading from the court-yard to the landing-place on the stairs, which the old woman had counted, tallied exactly with those of the suspected house; and the piece of curtain was found exactly to match one in a room where the birth of the child was supposed to have taken place. With such evidence, it was expected that nothing short of a conviction of some of the parties for the murder of a new-born infant must have followed; particularly as a beautiful young lady in the family (a niece) had withdrawn herself from her acquaintance, under the plea of going into a convent at

Avignon, to learn French, when she had been seen more than once after her declared departure by a fruit-woman, looking out of a small window next to her usual apartment. In the course of the trial, however, according to one narrative of the tragedy in the ‘Patrician,’ the circumstance of the curtain was rendered suspicious by its being proved, on cross-examination, that a Roman Catholic servant had left the family in malice a short time before, with horrid declarations of revenge, on account of her having been forbidden to attend mass, which suggested a possibility of her supplying the facts of the curtain, as well as the local description given by the midwife of the suspected mansion.

The midwife’s story, though apparently plausible, was considerably weakened by her swearing positively to so many and doubtful points. First, that of her distinguishing being carried over corn and ploughed fields, though she only knew, it being so extremely dark, that they had quitted the high-road from the sound of the horse’s feet; but an apparent contradiction, which was supposed to have over-

turned her whole evidence, was her positively insisting that in their way to the house, where her assistance was wanted, they crossed a ford twice, when it was proved that there was only one straight river between the two houses. Now supposing the guide to have made a wheel round, in order to deceive the midwife, and to have again crossed the river, they must still have forded it a third time to arrive at the suspected house. All these circumstances being pointed out, and commented on by the judge for the consideration of the jurymen, they returned a verdict of acquittal without leaving the court.

‘Whether the suspected parties were or were not guilty of the crime of murder,’ observes a writer in Burke’s ‘Patrician,’ ‘could only be known to themselves and the great Disposer of all things; but no judge or jury would have established a different verdict from such defective evidence. The train of calamity which succeeded the trial may give rise to melancholy reflections, and was, no doubt, considered by the multitude to have been the effect of Divine visitation. In few words, the owner of Littlecote soon became involved in estate and deranged in

mind, and is said to have died a victim to despondency; and, though the fate of the niece is unknown or forgotten, ruin and misery are said to have befallen the family which survived him.'

In the words of the poem above referred to :

- ‘The shrift is done, the friar is gone,  
Blindfold as he came—  
Next morning all, in Littlecot Hall,  
Were mourning for their dame.’
- ‘Wild Darell is an alter’d man,  
The village crones can tell ;  
He looks pale as clay, and strives to pray,  
If he hears the convent bell.’
- ‘If prince or peer cross Darell’s way,  
He beards him in his pride—  
If he meet a friar of orders grey,  
He droops and turns aside.’

From the Darells the estate of Littlecote is said by tradition to have passed as a bribe to Sir John Popham, the Lord Chief Justice of England, who presided at the trial of William Darell. The story has been thus told by a writer in *Once a Week*: ‘Wild Darell was arrested, and proofs of all kinds were accumulated against him, stifling every hope of his innocence. The day for his

trial, which was appointed to take place before Judge Popham, came on. His friends were baffled in their endeavours to rescue or screen the culprit, when secretly one last means were tried. From Wild Darell in his prison a strange offer went up to Judge Popham, and the Chief Justice listened. It was this: that, should Darell's life be spared and the law, perverted or hoodwinked, leave him at liberty, all the fair Manor of Littlecote, the Hall, and everything the prisoner possessed, should be the bribe. Of what bound the compact tradition is silent; but the compact was bound, and kept! Wild Darrell rode back in freedom to Littlecote Hall. Soon afterwards the day came when he should fulfil his engagements. The deeds and agreements which made the transfer complete were laid out on the great table, and wanted only Darell's signature. The judge came to take possession, bringing strange servants with him. The signatures were completed, and the last of the "old family" strode silently from the little crowd around him in the hall—a beggar! He had been a headlong and generous liver, like his father, and notably a hard rider. The poor and

the common people loved him. He always used to ride a favourite horse, and he had specially reserved this animal when he gave up all his other property. The horse was well-saddled at the door for the last time, and Wild Darell was silent till he leaped into the saddle. Then, rising in his stirrups as the horse moved to turn from Littlecote, he cursed the despoiler of his house in the bitterest terms, vowing that the eldest son of the Pophams should never enjoy the inheritance or the estate. Having spoken thus, he dashed in a frantic manner across the park to quit the place for ever. He had not gone far from the house when his horse fell in a headlong leap, and, with his rider, was killed on a spot which is still shown as ‘Wild Darell’s Leap.’

This, however, is but tradition. History asserts that Littlecote passed by sale to Sir John Popham, and that it had the honour, in the time of Alexander Popham, the grandson of the Chief Justice, of receiving a royal visit from Charles II., who, at his coronation, created Sir Francis Popham, the heir of Littlecote, a Knight of the Bath. The last male representa-

tive of this distinguished branch of the ancient house of Popham was Francis Popham, Esq., of Littlecote, and of Houndstreet, Somersetshire, who died in 1730, having devised his estates to his nephew, Lieutenant-General Edward William Leybourne. That gentleman assumed in consequence the surname of Popham, and, seating himself at Littlecote, served as high sheriff of the county of Wilts in 1830. He died in 1853, and was succeeded by his eldest son and heir, Edward William, on whose death, in January, 1881, the property devolved upon his nephew, Francis William Leybourne-Popham, now of Littlecote and Houndstreet, who it is hoped may live to show that the curse above mentioned is powerless.

## ELIZA FARREN, COUNTESS OF DERBY.

IN the course of the last two centuries a few untitled and humbly-born actresses, but only a few, after having ‘taken the town’ more or less ‘by storm’ as popular favourites, and having reigned for a longer or shorter period as ‘queens of the stage,’ have found themselves raised to coronets, which they have won with more or less propriety, and in some few cases without compromising their characters as women.\* Perhaps the very best and brightest and purest specimen of this class was Eliza Farren, from 1797 down to 1829 Countess of Derby.

\* The best known of these ladies were Lavinia Fenton (‘Polly Peachum’), Duchess of Bolton; and Miss Louisa Brunton, Countess of Craven.

Lizzie Farren, as she was called on the stage, was the daughter of a certain Mr. George Farren, a surgeon and apothecary of Cork, who was a member of a band of strolling players, but never rose to anything beyond a provincial fame and celebrity. His talented daughter,\* must have been born in one of the last years of the reign of George II., as in 1769 we find her going about the country acting with sylph-like grace the part of Columbine at such places as could be found where the mayor was willing to give countenance to those stage exhibitions which had been so cruelly proscribed under the Puritan *régime*, and were forced to remain in the cold shade for more than a century afterwards. Dr. Doran, in his 'Knights and their Days,' draws a charming picture of the little Lizzie, when her father was locked up by order of the Mayor of Salisbury as a vagabond, marching down the frozen street into the

\* Eliza's mother was a Miss Wright, daughter of a brewer of Liverpool. She brought Mr. Farren some fortune, which he dissipated by his irregular habits, and particularly by his attachment to theatrical amusements, which led him to neglect his profession, and to join a company of strolling players.

market-place, and so to the 'round-house,' early on Christmas morning, to carry her father a cup of warm coffee for breakfast. He also tells us that at Wakefield, at Chester, and in other provincial towns, Lizzie Farren, as quite a child, created a *furore*, and that in the autumn of 1776 she came up to town, furnished with an introduction from an equestrian actor named Burroughs, who was then studying for the Bar, and, even at that time, conscious of high talents, was doubtless looking forward to the judicial bench—which he afterwards attained—as his own proper stage. But Dr. Doran shall tell the story in his own words:

On the Christmas eve of 1776, Miss Farren was seated in Colman's parlour in London, looking at him while he read two letters of introduction: one from Burroughs, the other from Younger; and both in high praise of the young bearer, for whom they were especially written. My limits will only allow me to say that Lizzie was engaged for the next summer season at the Haymarket, where she appeared on June 9, 1777, in 'She Stoops to Conquer.'

When, in the following year, she played Lady

Townley, she was declared the first, and she was then almost the youngest of living actresses. And when she joined the Drury Lane company, in the succeeding season, the principal parts were divided between herself, Miss Walpole, Miss P. Hopkins, and ‘Perdita’ Robinson. Not one of this body was then quite twenty years of age!

For just twenty years she adorned the London stage, playing nearly all the principal characters in the stock English comedies. She attracted the personal attention of Charles James Fox, and of other wits of the time, but without any loss of character. And for Lord Derby, whilst his first wife was living, she had a platonic affection, which was made the subject of many squibs and jests; but ‘her conduct,’ says Sylvanus Urban in the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, ‘was so guarded as to be free from the aspersions of the most censorious and malicious.’ As manageress of the plays which were performed at the Duke of Richmond’s house in Whitehall, she became intimately acquainted with many leaders of *ton* and fashion, and all who knew her admired her and appreciated her worth at its proper value.

At length came the season for her abdication. Eliza Farren took leave of the stage at Drury Lane at the beginning of April, 1797. At that time private theatricals were not affairs of such frequent occurrence as they have become in our own days, though several of the leading members of the nobility and wealthier gentry had private theatres fitted up at their respective country seats. Amongst others, the Wynns of Wynnstay, Lord Barrymore at Wargrave. Lord Derby at the Oaks, near Epsom, and the Duke of Richmond at Goodwood, and at his town house in Whitehall, set apart a portion of the mansions for dramatic purposes; and it was probably through the performance of some of his dramas at the Oaks that General Burgoyne became allied with the Stanley family, having married the Lady Elizabeth, sister of the then Earl of Derby.

The earl, it so happened, had just been left a 'free man,' with a coronet at his own disposal by the death of his first wife, the Lady Elizabeth Hamilton-Douglas, daughter of James, Duke of Hamilton and Brandon. And so, on the 8th of May following her abdication, Miss

Farren was married by special licence to Lord Derby, at his residence in St. James's Square; she became by him the mother of three children, two of whom died young, and the third became Countess of Wilton, and mother of the late earl.

In a dramatic magazine of the date of her retirement from the stage, Eliza Farren is thus described :

‘ Her figure is considerably above the middle height, and of that slight texture which allows and requires the use of full and flowing drapery, an advantage of which she knows well how to avail herself. Her face, though not regularly beautiful, is animated and prepossessing ; her eye, which is blue and penetrating, is a powerful feature when she chooses to employ it on the public, and either flashes with spirit or melts with softness as its mistress decides on the expression she wishes to convey ; her voice, though perhaps deficient in sweetness, is refined and feminine ; and her smiles, of which she is no niggard, fascinate the heart as much as her form delights the eye. In short, a more complete exhibition of graces and accomplishments

never presented itself for admiration before the view of an audience. To this enumeration of her personal charms we have to add the list of her talents. It is not wise, indeed, to separate them, as they are mutually improved and benefitted by each other . . . A rarer combination of nature and art, to qualify their favourite for the assumption of the principal characters in the higher comedy, has never been known ; she possesses ease, vivacity, spirit, and humour, and her performances are so little injured by effort that we have often experienced a delusion of the senses, and imagined, what in a theatre it is so difficult to imagine, the scene of action to be identified, and Miss Farren really the character that she was only attempting to sustain ; and we cannot admit even the supposition that St. James's ever displayed superior evidence of fine breeding to that which Miss Farren has done in her own person.'

It is almost superfluous to add that, when Miss Farren took her farewell of the play-going public at Drury Lane, the house was filled to overflowing. Towards the conclusion of the play, we are told, she appeared to be 'much

affected,' and when Mr. Wroughton came forward to speak some lines which had been written for the occasion, she was fairly overcome and 'had to be supported by Mr. King.' The fall of the curtain was attended with repeated bursts of applause, not unmixed with feelings of regret for the loss of an actress then in the zenith of her charms, and while her dramatic and personal reputation were both in the highest esteem of the public.

The Countess of Derby died on the 23rd of April, 1829, at Knowsley Park, Lancashire, 'after protracted suffering,' at the age of sixty-six, and lies buried in the family tomb of the Stanleys. It is said that she gave her step-grandson, the future premier of England and translator of Homer's '*Iliad*,' his earliest lessons in elocution.

It may be interesting to add that the Mr. Burroughs who is mentioned above, was the same person who, as a boy, had helped Eliza Farren to carry to her father his Christmas breakfast in his prison at Salisbury, and who eventually became a judge, and received the honour of knighthood. An anecdote relating to

him shall be told by Dr. Doran in his own words :

‘Not long after her presentation at court, where she was received with marked kindly condescension by Queen Charlotte, the countess was walking in the marriage procession of the Princess Royal and the Duke of Wurtemburg ; her foot caught in the carpeting, and she would have fallen to the ground but for the ready arms once more extended to support her of Mr. Burroughs—now an eminent man indeed.

‘Many years have been added to the roll of time, when a carriage containing a lady was on its way to Windsor. It suddenly came to a stop by the breaking of an axle-tree. In the midst of the distress which ensued to the occupier, a second carriage approached bearing a good-natured-looking gentleman, who at once offered his services. The lady, recognising an old friend, accepted the offer with alacrity. As the two drove off together in the gentleman’s carriage towards Windsor, the owner of it remarked that he almost expected to find her in distress on the road ; for it was Christmas eve, and he had been thinking of old times.

“How many years is it, my lady countess,” said he, “since I stood at my father’s shop-door in Salisbury, watching your perilous passage over the market-place with a bowl of milk?”

“Not so long, at all events,” she answered, with a smile, “but that I recollect my poor father would have lost his breakfast but for your assistance.”

“The time is not long for memory,” replied the judge, “nor is Salisbury as far from Windsor as Dan from Beersheba; yet how wide the distance between the breakfast at the cage-door at Salisbury and the Christmas dinner to which we are both proceeding, in the palace of the king!”

“The earl is already there,” added the countess, “and he will be happier than the king himself to welcome the legal knight who has done such willing service to the Lady of the Knight of the Bath.”

## A ROMANCE IN THE HOUSE OF ROSEBERY.

THE Primroses, Earls of Rosebery, and Lords Primrose and Dalmeny in the peerage of Scotland, are descended from an eminent but untitled family who, three centuries ago, owned the broad acres of the barony of Primrose, in the county of Fife. For two or three generations they held high legal posts in Scotland under the government of our later Stuart sovereigns, and one of them, a Gentleman of the Bed-chamber to Prince George of Denmark, was raised to the earldom in 1703. His son and successor, James, second earl, had a son who bore by courtesy his father's second title, and was known as Lord Dalmeny. His name is omitted from the peerage, probably on account of an irregular and

romantic marriage which he had contracted, in perfect good faith and innocence, with a certain lassie of plebeian extraction in one of our East Anglian counties, the facts of which I am able to lay before my readers from a private and authentic source.

The young lady to whom Lord Dalmeny thus became allied was named Kate, or, as she was always called, ‘Kitty’ Cannon, and her parents were substantial yeomen, occupying a large farm in the parish of Thorpe, which lies at the extreme north-east end of Essex, jutting far out into the German Ocean. They were plain people; but their daughter had the good, or bad, fortune of being extremely pretty, and when little more than a girl she was admired by the gay young men of ‘the quality’ who came down from London to stay with the dissipated Earl of Rochford, at St. Osyth’s Priory, and with another ministerial gentleman, who shall be nameless, at Mistley Park, near Harwich. However, none of these titled individuals condescended to breathe in her ear a single word about matrimony; so, when she was just twenty, she gave her hand, and (it

is to be presumed) her heart also, to the rector of Thorpe, a Reverend Mr. Gough.

A quiet and remote parsonage, however, was not exactly suited to the taste of a young lady who had once sipped the cup of flattery from gentlemen who belonged to the clubs about St. James's, and who moved in courtly circles. Accordingly, one evening when she was staying in London, being present at a ball in the neighbourhood of the then fashionable district of Covent Garden, she managed to slip out, unobserved by her husband, and to run away with John, Lord Dalmeny, who was only a few years older than herself. She had no children, and doubtless his lordship was led to believe that she was a widow, and quite at her own disposal.

The pair went abroad, and remained for two or three years travelling in the sunny south; but in the early summer of 1752 Kitty Cannon, or Kitty Gough, was taken seriously ill at Florence. Her illness turned into a galloping consumption, and in the May or June of that year she died. A few hours only before her death, she wrote upon a scrap of paper, ‘I am really

the wife of the Reverend Mr. Gough, vicar of Thorpe, near Colchester, Essex ; my maiden name was Kitty Cannon, and my family belong to the same parish. Bury me there.'

Lord Dalmeny's young wife, as he always thought her to be, was gone before he was able to realise the full meaning of the lines which she had written. At first he was disposed to reject them, as a creation of her sick brain ; it was impossible for him to believe that the dear companion of his last few years was guilty of bigamy. But, whether true or false, he at once resolved, as she lay in her coffin at Florence, to give effect to her last wish, and he instantly prepared to carry her remains over to England.

The body of this lovely woman was embalmed, and secured in 'a very fine oaken coffin, decorated with six large silver plates, and it was then put into a strong outer case of common deal, which concealed the ominous shape of its contents. The jewellery and wardrobe of the lady were packed in other chests, and with this cumbersome baggage Lord Dalmeny set out upon his melancholy journey by

land to the south of France. At Marseilles he was able to engage a vessel to carry him and his packages by sea round to Dover, under the assumed name of Mr. Williams, a merchant of Hamburg; and on landing at Dover he transferred his belongings to a small coaster, which he hired to carry him to Harwich, then a busy and bustling port, only a few miles distant from Thorpe. The vessel, however, was forced by contrary winds to make for Colchester instead, where the Custom House officers came down to the 'Hythe' to examine the freight before they would allow it to be landed. They could not recognise in the elegant and polished gentleman, whom they saw dressed in the deepest of black and bowed down by grief, a common business man from Hamburg; and they very naturally thought, as only seven years had passed since the rebellion of 1745, that he was some emissary of 'the Pretender.' So their loyalty took the alarm. It certainly was the plain duty of Custom House officials to see that no French tobacco, gloves, lace, or brocade was brought over in these large boxes without paying duty to King George. Accordingly, with-

out giving any attention to the remonstrances of Mr. Williams, they were about to plunge their knives into the larger case, when the Hamburg merchant drew his sword and told them to desist. He at once made a clean breast of the affair, telling them that he was an Englishman, and, what was more, an English nobleman, and that the chest upon the wharf contained the body of his dead wife. But this explanation did not satisfy the officers, who were not sure that there was not a murder at the bottom of the transaction. They therefore at once broke the outer chest, tore open the coffin lid, and lifted the cere-cloths from the face of the embalmed corpse. Lord Dalmeny was taken, along with the coffin, to a church near at hand, where he was detained until he could prove the truth of his story.

The news soon spread about, and crowds of the neighbouring villagers came to see the fair lady's face as she lay in her coffin. Many of these identified her features as those of the Kitty Cannon who had spent her childhood at Thorpe, and who had disappeared soon after her marriage with the vicar of that parish.

But here was a further difficulty for his lordship ; for, though the rest of his story was transparently true, it was clear that the lady was not really his lawful wife. A communication was at once forwarded to the vicar, who lost no time in coming over to the Hythe and recognising the corpse as that of his vanished partner. But what a mystery the whole affair was to him as well as to Lord Dalmeny, to whom at first, as may be supposed, he entertained and expressed no very friendly feelings. But he was soon pacified. Possibly he had preached but lately a sermon enforcing forgiveness of even intended wrongs, and here was a wrong which clearly was not intended. Accordingly, as soon as he was able to contemplate the matter in all its bearings—the deception which had been practised on the poor young nobleman, and the passionate constancy which had borne him up through his toilsome journey by land and voyage by sea in order to gratify his supposed wife's last prayer, and the faithfulness with which, like a dog, he watched beside her coffin in the church—he felt that he could not refuse to forgive the wrong, and he con-

sented to meet Lord Dalmeny on a friendly footing.

The interview between the two rival husbands is said in a family record to have been ‘very moving,’ and no doubt must have been touching in the extreme; the only wonder is that it has not been taken by play-writers to work out as a plot for the stage. I am not able to tell my readers the exact words in which Lord Dalmeny assured the husband of his entire innocence of fraud, and of the honest intentions with which he had acted throughout. Even the discovery of his long-lost Kitty’s deceit and guilt did not put his love to shame, or shake his determination to follow her to her last resting-place. And the same was the feeling of his lordship. The next day, as soon as the magistrates were satisfied that the law had not been broken, both husbands accompanied the loved remains to Thorpe Church, where the poor frail lady was buried with all the pomp and show which could have been accorded to a real peeress. Which of the two paid the undertaker’s bill is not stated; but I have every reason to believe that the cost was paid by

Lord Dalmeny, or amicably settled between them. It is said that the funeral *cortége* was stopped for a few minutes at the gates of the vicarage, and that the young nobleman walked into the house, from which he presently came forth arm-in-arm with Mr. Gough, who was clothed in mourning as deep as his own, and with scarf and headband to match. This happened on July 9, 1752.

After the funeral ceremony, Lord Dalmeny departed from the scene in great grief and to all appearance quite inconsolable, declaring that he should leave not only the shores of Essex, but those of England, for ever. Whether he kept his word in this respect is more than I can tell; but the tragical occurrence would seem to have shortened his days, for he survived his beloved ‘Kitty’ little more than three years, dying at the age of thirty on August 11, 1755, in the lifetime of his father the earl, over whom the grave closed in the November following.

Apparently the name of this Lord Dalmeny has been struck out of the existing ‘Peerages’ on account of the strange *mésalliance* with which he connected the fair escutcheon of the noble

house of Primrose. As for Mr. Gough, he never married a second time, being laid in his last resting-place at Thorpe in July, 1774. The family of Cannon is extinct in the village; Kitty's monument was removed some thirty years ago by the vicar, and a flat stone was placed over her remains to form the floor of a vestry.

'So,' as one of her connections wrote to me in 1862, 'there she is, shut up out of sight and mind along with the parish registers, where her burial is duly recorded; and every Sunday the officiating parson and clerk tramp solemnly into church over the author of a scandal too great, and too romantic also, to be forgotten, even in the third or fourth generation. Kitty Cannon, or Kitty Gough,' adds my correspondent, 'is I believe, the first woman in England who had two husbands to follow her to the grave together.'

It only remains to add that this story is told very briefly by Chambers in his '*Book of Days*,' (vol. ii, p. 205,) and also at greater length with more minuteness in *Once a Week*, (vol. vii.,) by a lady who signs her name Diana Butler, who

calls the lady 'Kitty Hancomb,' and the nobleman 'Lord Dalry,' doubtless in order to throw a thin veil over the transaction which she relates. She, however, gives a portrait of 'Kitty,' taken from an original painting in her own possession, as I can certify. Happily 'Kitty' left no child by either husband, and perhaps it is fortunate that she never became a mother. The earldom of Rosebery devolved on her second husband's next brother, whose great grandson is the present peer.

### 'THREE VERY FAIR SEYMOURS.'

THE recent death of the Duchess of Somerset,\* who was one of three very beautiful, witty, and accomplished sisters, and who, as Lady Seymour, presided with grace and elegance over the Eglinton Tournament in August, 1839, may serve to remind the reader of history that the noble house of Seymour has, from a very early date, been celebrated for the beauty of its daughters; and the truth of the tradition may be proved by the many portraits in our great public and private galleries, painted by the hands of Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller.

But probably there was never a fairer triplet of daughters to be seen than the Ladies Anne, Margaret, and Jane Seymour, daughters of a

\* Her Grace died December 14, 1884.

certain nobleman, who is described on a family tomb in Westminster Abbey as ‘The renowned prince, Edward, Duke of Somerset, Earl of Hertford, Viscount Beauchamp, and Baron Seymour.’ Their mother was Anne, daughter of Sir William Stanhope, of Rampton, in Nottinghamshire, and sister of Sir Michael Stanhope, of Sudbourne Hall, Suffolk, and heiress of her mother, Elizabeth, sister of John Bourchier, Earl of Bath; so that their blood was on both sides of the very bluest possible hue.

This trio of sisters were as accomplished in mind as they were beautiful in person. They were famous, we are told, for their learning, even in an age when young ladies were not ashamed to study the classical writers of antiquity, and to imitate their style in prose and in verse. Thus we are told by Mr. G. Ballard in his ‘Memoirs of Several Ladies of Great Britain,’ published at Oxford in 1752, that ‘they wrote four hundred Latin distiches upon the death of the Queen of France, Margaret de Valois, sister of Francis I.,’ and that these verses were translated soon after into Greek, French, and Italian, and were printed in Paris in 1551, under

the title of ‘Tombeau de Marguerite de Valois, Royne de Navarre.’ From the same work we learn that one Nicholas Denisot, who had been preceptor to these learned ladies, made a collection of their distiches and some other verses, as well in honour of them as in commemoration of the queen, and dedicated it to another Marguerite de Valois, Duchess de Berrie, sister of Henry II. of France. They have been praised, he adds, by several authors, particularly by Ronsard, whose ode pays these three fair Seymours the compliment of suggesting that ‘if Orpheus had only heard them, he would have been safe to become their pupil! ’

It is delightful to read the gushing words of the Frenchman himself: ‘If that famous writer heard the song of these syrens, who sing upon the foamy shores of their sandy Albion, he would surely break his pagan lyre and become their scholar, in order to learn their Christian song, as their voices excelled his own!’ He adds, in the same hyperbolic strain: ‘Learning, which so long resided in the East, has at last by degrees advanced into the West, and never stopped, till it arrived at that unknown land,

whither she came to engage the affections of these young virgins, the only ones of our age; and she succeeded so well with them that we hear them singing their many distiches, which we blush to find superior to our own.' And, further, the learned translator of *Amadis de Gaule* spoke in terms equally enthusiastic of the talents and learning of these ladies, in a letter which he addressed to them, and which was pre-fixed to a collection of epitaphs on Queen Margaret herself. It is, therefore, surprising that their names were always and are so little known, if not in France, yet in their own country. Thus Monsieur Bayle says that he has questioned some Englishmen of great learning, and well versed in the knowledge of books and of authors, but can find little or nothing known about them. And apparently their names were unknown even to Leland, the royal antiquary; though this may be accounted for by the fact that he became insane before he had reached middle life, and so probably their names escaped the knowledge of the many biographers who copied and reproduced Leland's stores of information.

It would seem, from the slight sketch of these young ladies given by Mr. Ballard—whose work likewise deserves to be better known than it is—that they were the three eldest daughters of their parents, and that they had three younger sisters, who proved to be by no means their equals in devotion to the Muses, though the author is at the pains to tell us that they were all ‘bred up to learning.’ They were all quite young, and the third was probably little more than a child when their fame made its sudden blaze in 1551. They were brought up carefully at home and away from the court; and, besides their ‘preceptor’ for the Latin tongue, they had other professors to ‘teach them music and the sciences.’ Of their skill in broidery and needle-work there is no record; possibly Mr. Ballard did not lay much stress on that branch of feminine accomplishments. One of them, however, sang divinely, and another played with great skill on ‘the virginals.’

Of their subsequent life there is very little to say. Possibly the young men about the Court and in high society in those days did not care for such qualities as a taste for composing Latin

verses in the ladies among whom they looked for wives, and were rather alarmed at the possibility of finding in them any touches of the ‘blue-stockings.’ At all events, two of them, Marguerite and Jane, died young and unmarried. It is true that a suitor was found for Lady Marguerite, for, if we may believe Strype,\* she was sought in marriage by Lord Strange, son of the Earl of Derby; and the king appears to have smiled graciously on the proposed alliance. But somehow or other the marriage never came off, for the disgrace and misfortunes which soon after overtook the Duke of Somerset probably caused the match to be postponed and ultimately set aside, and the young lady did not long survive the affair. The third of the trio, Lady Jane, also was carried to her tomb in Westminster Abbey when only in her twentieth year. She was one of the maids-of-honour to Queen Elizabeth, and, we are told, ‘in great favour with her royal mistress;’ but she was carried off by a fever, and died on the 19th of March, 1560.

The Lady Anne, however, made up for her sisters by marrying twice; her first husband

\* ‘Ecclesiastical Memoirs,’ vol. ii, p. 358.

was John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, and after his death she married Sir Edward Unton, Knight of the Bath. The date of her death is not recorded in the Peerages, nor is it known whether she left any children behind her. As for the three youngest sisters whom I have mentioned incidentally above, the name of one is not given by Sir Bernard Burke and the heralds; but the two others, as being less learned, found husbands, the Lady Mary marrying, firstly, Mr. Andrew Rogers, and, secondly, Sir Henry Peyton, of Peyton Hall; while her sister, the Lady Elizabeth, became the wife of Sir Richard Knightley, of Norton and Fawsley, the owner of many broad acres and manors in Northamptonshire and the other midland counties, and an ancestor of the present baronet of that name.

## LETTICE DIGBY, LADY OFFALEY.

THE Lady Lettice Digby is a heroine whose name right well deserves to be held in remembrance along with those of Lady Brilliania Harley, of Blanche Lady Arundell, and of the Lady of Lathom, whose defences of Wardour Castle and Lathom House I have told in previous papers.\* Her defence of Geashill Castle, in King's County, Ireland, was one of the most spirited episodes in the history of the Irish Rebellion in 1641. She was by birth Lettice FitzGerald, being the only child of Gerald, Lord Offaley, whose great-grandfather, Gerald, ninth earl of Kildare, was an ancestor of the ducal house of Leinster. Her mother, the Lady Katharine Knollys, a cousin of Queen Elizabeth, was left a widow almost at her birth, in 1580.

\* See 'Tales of Great Families,' 2nd Series, vol. i, p. 1., and 1st Series, vol. i, p. 278.

The earldom, of course, descended in the male line, but the barony of Offaley, as a barony in fee, was one which it was thought could pass to females, and was therefore claimed for the youthful heiress while still a child. But the claim, though brought before the judges, was kept so long in dispute that King James I. undertook to adjudicate it in person, and in the end he did so, being probably moved by gifts and presents, which in his day often helped to promote or to defeat justice. His Majesty in the end adjudged the ancient barony to the earl, but created Lettice Knollys Baroness Offaley for life. The King's grant, which is dated in 1619, and was made under the great Seal of England, invested her with the lands of Killeagh and the territory and demesne of Geashill, which she brought by marriage into the Digby family.

When the Irish rebellion of 1641 broke out, as mentioned above, the Lady Offaley was some sixty years of age, and had been a widow for a quarter of a century. 'With the rebels she could make no common cause, and with the defection of the Lords of the Pale she could

have no sympathy ;' she was therefore prepared to resist every challenge and every overture on the part of the insurgents, whose action she regarded as foul disloyalty. Her ladyship was residing at Geashill with her sons and some of her grandchildren, when the forces of the enemy appeared before the walls of her castle, in spite of the natural defences of the bogs by which the place was surrounded. Henry Demsey, a brother of Lord Clanmalier, and her own kinsman, along with others of the leaders of the rebels, sent her a summons which purported to be in the king's name, ordering her at once to surrender her fortress, and at the same time threatening, in case of non-compliance, to burn it and the town which lay clustered at the foot of its walls, but promising her and her people a safe convoy in case she should yield.

This missive was addressed to 'the honourable and thrice virtuous lady, the Lady Digby.' But, aware of the men with whom she had to deal, Lady Digby was not to be dismayed by threats or duped by promises. Castle after castle had yielded, some gained over by threats, some by siege, and some by storm, and their

helpless inmates had been butchered or driven forth homeless and shelterless. The Lady Lettice had too much spirit to yield herself to such a fate without a struggle, or without fighting a blow in self-defence. She alike questioned the authority of her enemies and distrusted their promises of mercy.

'I am,' she replied, 'as I have ever been, a loyal subject of my king. I thank you for your offer of a convoy, which, however, I hold as of little safety. Being free from offending His Majesty, or doing wrong to any of you, I will live and die innocently, and will do my best to defend my own, leaving the issue to God.' Such was this noble lady's dauntless answer to a summons sent fraudulently in the king's name, requiring her to give up her castle to her own and the king's enemies.

Being surrounded by extensive bogs, Geashill Castle was by no means easy of approach, as already mentioned; but in proportion to its strength was its possession of importance to the rebels. 'Gesshall, in the King's County, is very necessaire to be had; it is a matter of consequence to Her Majestie's service in that

countye,' were the words of Sir Henry Sidney, when he paid a visit to Ireland in the previous reign of Elizabeth. Sixty years later it was an equally valuable prize, and the rebels determined to secure it if they could, at all cost.

Negotiations with its high-spirited owner being useless, they proceeded to make an assault on the castle; but they experienced such a warm reception on a near approach, that they were glad to retreat. 'One of the Lady Offaley's sons, having fallen into the hands of the rebels, was brought under the castle walls in chains, and a threat was held out that, unless she made at once an unconditional surrender, they would strike his head off before her eyes. Nothing daunted, she replied that she had a Roman Catholic priest as a prisoner within her walls, that she would bring him out upon the ramparts, and that his life should be immediately forfeited if the rebels touched a hair of her son's head. As the rebels were Catholics, reverence for their priest induced them to withdraw as the price of his safety.'

The siege was, however, renewed after a brief interval, and prisoners were taken on either

side. On one occasion a messenger, sent by Lady Offaley with a letter to the rebels, was detained by them. ‘I am innocent,’ she wrote, ‘of doing you any injury, unless you count it an injury for my people to bring back a small quantity of my own woods when they find them, and with them some men who have done me all the ill they can devise.’

The siege was suspended for a time, but not abandoned, an interval of two months being spent in making preparations for a renewed assault. A hundred and forty fragments of old iron were collected from every quarter, and brought together, and an Irish rebel undertook the work of fixing them, and moulding them into one huge cannon. Three times were they recast before the work was completed, but the lady of Geashill showed no signs of alarm. At length the engine was brought across the bogs to the front of the castle. Hoping to intimidate its gallant defender, Lord Clanmalier himself wrote to her, announcing the arrival of this formidable piece of ordnance, telling her that he would never leave the spot to which he had advanced, until he had gained possession of the

castle. Her answer was characteristic of womanly bravery : ‘ I am still of the same mind, my lord, and I can think no place safer than my own house ; God will, I trust, take a poor widow into His protection, and defend her from all those who without cause have risen up against her.’

Her confidence was not vain. Clanmalier ordered the cannon to be placed in the most commanding position, but it burst on its first discharge, injuring several of his rebel forces. The rest, in bitter disappointment, took up their guns, and kept up a continuous fire of musketry until the evening, but without inflicting any real damage. Lady Offaley herself watched the attempted assault from the window. As soon as night set in, the insurgents made off, carrying with them their unlucky cannon.

But the respite which they allowed the lady was a brief one. Next morning Lady Offaley received the following letter from her rebel cousin, Lord Clanmalier :

‘ Madame,—I received your letter, and am still tender of your good and welfare, though you give no credit thereunto. And, whereas you do

not understand by relation that my piece of ordnance did not prosper, I believe you will be sensible of the hazard and loss you are like to sustain thereby, unless you be better advised to accept of the kind offer which I mentioned to you in my last letter unto you . . . If not, expect no further favour at my hands.—And so I rest, your ladyship's loving cousin, &c.'

The fawning hypocrisy of her foe was well met by the keen and caustic reply of Lady Offaley :

'My Lord,—Your second summons I have received, and shall be glad to find you tender of my good. For your piece of ordnance I never disputed how it prospered, presuming you would rather make use of it for your own defence or against your enemies than against a poor widow of your own blood, which, if shed, shall be required at the hands of those that seek to spill it. For my part, my conscience tells me that I am innocent, and I wish you so too.—I rest, your cousin, &c.'

In this letter true womanly feeling and thorough heroism are apparent in closest alliance. Lady Lettice was not ashamed of

pleading her womanhood and her widowhood. Her mind was free from arrogance and pride; she uttered no hard words; she was cautious as well as courageous. When her danger became more imminent, and her resources grew feebler, she felt that help from outside was not to be rejected. At the end of April, 1642, she succeeded in informing Sir Charles Coote, who was then at Naas, in the county of Kildare, of the straits to which she was reduced. He applied at once to the Earl of Ormond, who was at Dublin, for instructions, and the matter was laid before the council at Dublin Castle. It was determined that no time should be lost in sending assistance to Geashill. Accordingly, Philip Sydney, Lord de Lisle, son of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, was sent to the King's County, with a regiment of carabineers and a company of dragoons, which he had brought with him from England. He was placed in this high command in spite of his youth; but 'he would have belied the high name which he bore, had he not been forward to render assistance where such claims of chivalry and humanity were put forth as at Geashill.' Ac-

companied by Sir George Wentworth, Sir Charles Coote, and Lord Digby, the Lady Lettice's eldest son, he set off at once, and at the head of three hundred horse, and half that number of foot-soldiers. But their active aid was scarcely needed, for, though they were slightly harrassed by some rebel skirmishers as they crossed the bog, yet on reaching Geashill it was found that the rebels had gone off into the woods and the mountains. It appeared that Lady Offaley, weary of waiting for help, or, at all events, unaware that it was close at hand, had despatched messengers to some of her relatives among the FitzGeralds, asking for the loan of about fifty foot-soldiers to protect her against the 'mixed multitude' of insurgents. This latter, however, fell into the hands of her foes, who were on the point of returning to renew the siege, when the sudden arrival of the royal troops scattered them one and all to the winds.

Although repeatedly urged by her friends to retire to some place of peace and safety, this heroic lady preferred to remain within her own castle walls, which were now well-provided

from Dublin with arms and ammunition. Having spent some months in peace and quiet, and having seen the last of the rebels in her own neighbourhood, Lady Lettice was at last persuaded to quit the fortress which she had so gallantly defended, and to settle down in England for the remainder of her days. She therefore retired to her husband's estate at Coleshill, in Warwickshire, where she died December 1, 1658, and she lies buried by his side in the parish church of that pleasant country town.

## ROMANCE OF THE EARLDOM OF KELLIE.

IT is not often that a coronet passes over sixteen or seventeen intervening heads to light upon that of a person eighteenth in remainder. Yet such an event happened in the middle of last century in the noble Scottish house of Erskine, which enjoys, among other honours, the earldom of Kellie. If anybody will be at the pains of turning to the pages of Sharpe's Peerage, he will see that, while Mr. Methven Erskine was married to Joanna, daughter of Gordon of Ardoch, in Rossshire, his brother Thomas was also married to that lady's sister Anne. He will also see that both of these gentlemen outlived their seniors, and became Earls of Kellie, and that their respective ladies also

lived to become countesses. ‘Marriages,’ they say, ‘are made in heaven,’ but, as these two unions came about through a shipwreck, the truth of the statement may be doubted.

The Castle of Ardoch stands perched on a rock high above the waves of the German Ocean, on a headland somewhere between Tarbat and Fortrose. The owner of this domain (Mr. Adam Gordon) in one of the last years of the reign of George II., or soon after the accession of George III., was walking late one evening in his grounds, when he heard a gun fired as a signal of distress by a vessel in the offing. It was a very stormy night, and he knew that there was little chance for a good ship which got near the rocks of that headland when a strong east wind was blowing. He called his servants and tenants, however, and hastened down a cleft in the rocks to the beach; but no traces of the ill-fated vessel were to be found, except a few broken spars and some small fragments of timber floating hither and thither upon the waves. These they tried to collect as they came to the shore, and among other wreckage was a sort of tiny crib of

wicker-work, inside of which was a female infant, alive, in spite of the cold and wet to which she had been exposed. It was the work of a few moments to rescue the little stranger, thrown, like a second Undine, upon a strange shore.

‘—The waves have hither brought  
The helpless little one.’

From the clothes wrapped round its tiny body it was clear to Mr. Gordon that she was a child of parents of no low condition ; but there was in her clothing no clue as to who or whether parents might be, nor was there anything to show the name of vessel thus lost and swallowed up by the waves.

It was a matter of course to a hospitable Scottish heart like that of Mr. Gordon to take the little foundling home and have her wants attended to by his wife and daughters. He doubtless supposed, and at first probably hoped, that ere long the little waif of the sea foam would be claimed ; and in the meantime the latter was reared with his own children, who were young and who came soon to regard her as a sister.

Years passed by, and the little foundling was growing up to womanhood, and was endearing herself more and more to all the members of the Ardoch family, when one wintry and stormy evening another alarm gun was fired by a vessel in distress off the same cliffs. ‘History,’ they say, ‘repeats itself,’ and it would seem occasionally in trifling as well as in important matters. Mr. Gordon hastened down to the beach, as he had done some sixteen years before, just in time to witness another shipwreck. The vessel went to pieces on the rocks, but some, at all events, of the crew and a single passenger were saved. These were invited to rest and dry themselves at the ‘great house,’ where every hospitality and refreshment was offered them. The passenger was evidently a gentleman, and the next morning at breakfast he took particular notice of the daughters of his host, and of the other young lady whom I have already introduced to my readers. The stranger was evidently much struck with her appearance, and, finding that she was not like the other girls, he made some inquiries about her, when he heard the story of her having come to Ardoch as a ‘foundling,’ and

having been saved from the jaws of the ocean as by a miracle. The stranger listened with great interest and emotion, and said that at the date corresponding with her infancy his own sister, with a little infant, was lost in a vessel off the eastern coast of Scotland, which foundered in a storm.

As is often the case, the unexpected not only is probable, but often does happen in reality. And so it was here. The cot or cradle in which the foundling came ashore, on being shown to the new-comer, was pronounced to be singularly like that which his sister had made for her before she left India. The features of the young lady, too, corresponded with those of his own relatives. Further inquiries brought out other points of similarity, and a mark on the little lady's coverlet bore the initial letter of her father's and mother's name. The foundling orphan, there could be little doubt, was his own sister's child.

The gentleman was a merchant, and the shipwreck which he had suffered had not ruined him. He had a home at Göttenberg, in Sweden. It was open for the reception of his niece, and

there was a little fortune ready for the young lady there in case she should ever be found. Twenty years, however, had endeared her to her sisters, as she called the Misses Gordon, and she was unwilling to go to Sweden with her newly-discovered uncle, unless one of the Misses Gordon would accompany her, and the other promised to come and stay with her upon her sister's return to Scotland.

Accordingly, Miss Anne Gordon sailed with her adopted sister from the port of Leith for Sweden, where, in 1771, only a few weeks after landing at Göttenberg, she became the wife of Mr. Thomas Erskine, a younger brother of Sir William Erskine, of Cambo, in Fifehire, who had long been settled there as a merchant, and was a man of wealth. Not long afterwards the young lady, whom I can only describe as the foundling of Ardoch, followed her example; but I do not know the name of the man who offered her his hand and his heart, so I can only hope that 'she lived happy ever afterwards.'

But, whether this was the case or not, at all events the sea offered no obstacle to the intimacy which existed between the good people

of Ardoch and those in Göttenberg. And so it came to pass that, some nine or ten years later, Miss Joanna Gordon was married to Mr. Methven Erskine, the younger brother of her sister's husband. Deaths followed in rapid succession in the family of Lord Kellie, and in 1797 the earldom devolved on Charles Erskine. He lived, however, to enjoy the title little more than two years, for in 1799 he followed his ancestors to the grave, and the earldom of Kellie passed to his uncle and heir, Thomas Erskine, who had been for some time a consul in Sweden. And so it came to pass that the incident of a shipwreck twenty or thirty years before resulted in bestowing the coronet of a countess first on one and then on the other of the two Misses Gordon of Ardoch.

One kinsman of the last of these two noblemen is the present Earl of Kellie, the same to whom the House of Lords in 1875 adjudged an earldom of Mar, created, or supposed to have been created, in 1565, whilst the old historic earldom of Mar, whose origin, according to Lord Hailes, is 'lost in the mists of antiquity,' is still borne by the heir of line of the house

of Erskine, John Francis Erskine Goodeve-Erskine, as son of Lady Frances Jemima, sister of the last earl, and grandson of John Thomas, thirty-second holder of the ancient earldom of Mar, and also tenth Earl of Kellie.

## A ROMANCE IN THE DARTMOUTH FAMILY.

SOME few miles from Huddersfield, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and on the borders of the 'black country,' stands Woodsome Hall, an old-fashioned country house, which has been from time almost immemorial the property of the Legges, now Earls of Dartmouth. *A propos* of the old manor, there is a good story told by tradition in the Legge family respecting the sister of an ancestor of Lord Dartmouth, who lived some two hundred years ago. She was a grand old dame, and had outlived her youth and prime many years, and had resided alone in one wing of the house. Old Miss Susan, for such was the lady's Christian name, sooth to say, was very proud, and fond of

having her own way, and in her own establishment she was perhaps more feared than loved. She lived in tolerable state, being rich as the world then considered wealth, though probably, at the rate at which we live now-a-days, she would be said to have had little more than a competency.

It so happened that one of her body-servants, Simon Jenkins, in a fit of despondency at having so little, or rather nothing, to do—a fault of which modern retainers are not in the habit of complaining—committed suicide by hanging himself to the bedstead of his room, on the northern side of the house. The chamber in which this happened is still pointed out. The sudden death of Simon caused, as may be easily supposed, no little stir and consternation among the inmates of Woodsome Hall. A coroner's inquest followed in due course, and a solemn verdict of 'temporary insanity' was returned; so in due course he was buried in the parish church, within the precincts of her ladyship's park. The funeral, very naturally, was at once attested and attended by a large gathering of the household

of which Simon had been so important a member. In the afternoon of the day on which the funeral took place (for Jenkins had been a great favourite with his mistress) Miss Susan commanded the attendance of all her domestics in her chamber, and when they were assembled, addressed them as follows: ‘Simon Jenkins, as you all know, was a worthy servant, and knew and did his duty well. I was very fond of him, and much regret his loss. But I do not wish, and indeed I should be much afraid, to see him in the flesh; so, if anyone of you shall see him walking about the corridors, as suicides are often reported to do, I tell you plainly that he or she shall quit my service. And now you may all go.’ Her sermon ended, the proud old lady took up her walking-cane leisurely, and retired to her own chamber, where she probably seated herself in her high-backed arm-chair—I can scarcely call it an easy-chair—to take her post-prandial snooze. And now comes the Nemesis of the story.

One evening in the same week Miss Susan had dined alone, so far as guests were concerned,

but with half-a-dozen powdered lacqueys waiting upon her in their full liveries, under the orders of the *new* butler. The lady took a nap, if the truth must be told, in her chair, and slept for half-an-hour or so, when she gave a sudden start and scream and rang the bell furiously. Alarmed at the violence of her ringing, in came the servants to hear what was the matter, when they found their mistress quite pale and haggard, her eyes staring wildly. It was with difficulty that at last they succeeded in composing her, when she sat up and said, in her own dignified way, ‘Let this room henceforth be ever kept locked.’ And with that she went upstairs to her own bed-room.

Whether Miss Susan had been dreaming, or whether she had actually seen Simon Jenkins again in the flesh, is one of those mysteries which will never be known, for the domestics stood so much in awe of their mistress that they were afraid to ask her. But, at all events, in spite of the threats of the old lady, the story was noised abroad, and the mysterious act of locking up the chamber became a topic of conversation in the neighbourhood. What became

of the lady herself is a question that has been often asked, but is known only to the family, even if it is known to them. It is often told by Lord Dartmouth to a circle of intimate friends and visitors to the grand old mansion under the title of ‘Nemesis, or the Butler’s Ghost.’ And I may add that mine is the authentic version, for I tell the tale as Lord Dartmouth himself told it to one of my oldest and most trusty friends.

The Susan Legge, whose servant’s fate I have recorded, was probably one of the five daughters of George Legge, Master-General of the Ordnance, and also admiral in the British Fleet, whose name is known to history as the captor of Tangier. He was created Lord Dartmouth in 1682; and his son and successor, William, second baron, having filled many important posts in the government under Queen Anne, was raised to the Viscountcy of Lewisham and Earl-dom of Dartmouth in 1711.

## OLD LADY CORK.

SOMEWHAT less than half-a-century ago there were three titled ladies who reigned with almost undisputed sway over West-End society in London—Lady Blessington, Lady Charleville, and ‘old’ Lady Cork, as she was called during the last two or three decades of a life which, in the end, was prolonged far beyond the period allowed by David. She had been an early riser all her childhood, youth, and middle age, and, till a few days before her death, she rose regularly at six; so it is no wonder that she had a narrow escape of becoming a veritable centenarian, though she liked the pleasures of the table, and made it a point to the last always to dine out if she had not company at home. Her ladyship was by birth the Honourable Mary Monckton, daughter of the first Viscount Galway in the Peerage of

Ireland. She was born about the years 1739-40, and as soon as she first ‘came out’ was appointed a maid-of-honour to Queen Charlotte. In 1768 she married Edmund, seventh Earl of Cork and Orrery ; and before the end of the century she had assembled at her table half the lions of the time—young Arthur Wellesley and Burke, and Charles James Fox and the younger Pitt, and the still more youthful Samuel Rogers, and Mrs. Montagu. Indeed, she was stated by a writer in the *New Monthly* to have had among her frequent guests both Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds ; and in early life, as a child at her parents’ house, she sat to Reynolds for her portrait.

Lady Cork has been credited, or rather she used to credit herself, with having first brought Sheridan into public notice. ‘There was Sheridan,’ she said at one of her *soirées*; ‘I was his first friend—in London, at least ; I used to invite him to Burlington Street, and to introduce him to people who were likely to be useful to him. The seat for which he sat at Stafford was put in his way by me. My brother, Edward Monckton, you know, was his colleague for a long

time. In society his object at first was to get his wife invited to West-End parties—that charming Miss Linley, you know; she sang so well. Nobody at that time knew what her husband was destined to turn out, either in Parliament or in dramatic literature. Lady —— said to me, “Oh, I should like to have Mrs. Sheridan at my musical party next week, but then there’s that drag of a husband.” In two years’ time that “drag of a husband” was the pet of the House of Commons, *the* Mr. Sheridan of Carlton House and of everywhere, the observed of all observers, and the idol of society.’

The Prince Regent and Sheridan were frequent diners at her mansion in New Burlington Street; and so also were Canning and Castlereagh, Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble, Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott occasionally. She liked, above everything, to entertain at her table anyone and everyone who was likely to become a ‘lion’ of the day; and some people think that Charles Dickens drew upon her for some of the features of ‘Mrs. Leo Hunter.’

A writer in the *New Monthly* observes: ‘When we first saw Lady Cork, her lionizing

mania had reached to fever point. At which time, when visiting her friends, she perceived any strangers, her first question was, *not* "who, or *what are they?*" but "*what can they do?*" Yet, with all Lady Cork's admitted taste in the selection of her evening "stars," she was unacquainted with that skill and delicacy of polish requisite to make them shine with full effect. Her ladyship was unpractised in the nice tact and finesse which draws forward, imperceptibly to the possessor, the amusive powers of the gifted. On the contrary, she would *stir up* the reposing faculties of her "lions" somewhat too much in the fashion of a hackneyed *show-beast*, and by using the *long pole* too briskly, sometimes fright the more "delicate monsters," the more timid animals, into silence, or exasperate the more savage into defiance—thus, by her premature or ill-timed jokings and ticklings, defeating her own intent, and not unfrequently some "lion-rough," who otherwise had "roared as gently as any sucking dove"—or "an 't were any nightingale," whose humour she had turned "the seamy side without," would show his claws, in effect saying, "If you think that I have come

hither as a lion, it is really a pity; no, I am no such thing; I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are.”’

Lady Cork had to complain of Dr. Johnson’s rudeness, if there be truth in the following story, which has been told over and over again about that eccentric prodigy of learning: ‘ You knew Dr. Johnson?’ said a gentleman to her. ‘ Knew Dr. Johnson!’ answered she; ‘ why, he was my bosom friend. I’ll tell you a story of him. He was sitting by me, and, in the heat of his conversation, began pinching my knee—I was young then. I bore it a little while, and then remonstrated. “ Madam,” said the philosopher, “ I beg your pardon—but *one must have a quieting motion.*”’ One would willingly have gone far to see in the flesh a lady who had thus ‘ quieted’ the old bear who frequented the Blue-Stocking Club.

Among those who were invited to her ladyship’s *salons* were Charles Matthews and Theodore Hook; but both of those worthies resented the idea of being expected to ‘ show off’ or to be ‘ shown off’ either; and very amusing is Theodore Hook’s account of the way in which

he defeated the designs of his hostess and enemy in this direction. In spite, however, of such little occasional *contretemps*, Lady Cork's parties were rendered agreeable by her piquancy and wit; and to the very last her memory was prodigious. She could repeat the longest passages of Shakespeare, and Milton, and Byron, and even of Dryden's 'Virgil' and Pope's 'Homer.' One evening at Lady Combermere's house, when she was approaching her eightieth year, whilst waiting for her carriage or sedan-chair, she sat down in the hall in the midst of several of the gentlemen who dangled about her, and recited with great animation half of a book of Homer's 'Iliad.'

When she grew old, if the truth must be told—though she had the character of being wise as well as witty—she grew rather despotic as well, and would say sometimes very cross and ill-natured things of and to her best friends. She also indulged in the peculiarity of what is called 'kleptomania;' and it was no uncommon thing for the host and hostess of the house at which she dined to leave a stray pewter fork or spoon in the hall for her to carry off in her muff. Once, indeed, she carried her propensity in this direc-

tion so far as to walk into the garden of Samuel Rogers's house in St. James's Place, and to rob it of a quantity of flowers. A wit of the fashionable world, either Jekyll or Luttrell, remarked, *à propos* of this theft, that it was 'no wonder that the poet looked so pale, since Lady Cork had stolen all his roses.' Indeed, all sorts of good stories are told about her ladyship; here, for instance, is one: 'Old Lady Cork,' writes Sydney Smith, 'was once so moved by a charity sermon that she begged me to lend her a sovereign as a contribution to put into the plate. I did so. But she never repaid me, and I believe she spent the sovereign on herself.'

Lady Cork had long passed King David's allotted age when she died, on Saturday, May 30th, 1840; but until a very few days before her end she paid and received visits as usual. Being asked how it was that she enjoyed such good health through her long life, she said that she ascribed it to the fact that she always got up at six o'clock in winter, as well as in summer, and that she dined out regularly whenever she had no company at home. 'Man,' writes Aristotle, 'is a social animal'; and verily woman would seem to be so equally.

## THE DE LA POLES.

FEW of our most ancient and most noble houses have had a more sadly chequered and pathetic history, and few can boast a higher antiquity or greater nobility than the De la Poles, who were merchant-princes at Kingston-upon-Hull, in Yorkshire, as far back as the reign of Edward III. They probably derived their name from Pole, in Montgomery, close to which was the abbey of De la Pole.

They were at a very early time connected with the wool trade, as appears from the fact that in 1271 Henry III. issued a precept ordering to William De la Pole and others the payment of twelve pounds nine shillings, in payment for cloth purchased at St. Giles's Fair, in Winchester. In the same year we are told that an embargo was laid on fifty sacks of skins

of wool, the property of William De la Pole, merchant, of Rouen, in order that they might not be removed out of the kingdom; and in the following year we read of an allowance of forty marks made to Nicholas De la Pole and others, agents for the Flemish merchants, for losses sustained by English merchants in Flanders.

One of this family, John Pole, was the first Mayor of Hull. His son Edmund had a son, William, who became a London citizen, merchant, and woolstapler; and, in consideration of a subsidy offered to the king at a time of special necessity, ‘when money stood him in more stead than one thousand men-at-arms,’ he was enriched by his sovereign with various estates, and made a knight banneret, a dignity then next to the baronage. In 1358, two years after the battle of Poictiers, the abbot of a house in Normandy conveyed to him four English manors, which still belong to the hospital at Ewelme, Oxfordshire, founded by his descendants a century later.

Michael, son of William De la Pole, rose into favour with Edward III. during his wars with France. By Richard he was made a Knight of

the Garter and Earl of Suffolk, and, in the end, Lord High Chancellor of England. His son Michael, the second earl, died like his father in France, and was brought to England to be buried at Ewelme, leaving the title to his brother William, third earl. As the latter stood beside his brother's grave, a youth of nineteen, his future bride, Alice Chaucer, was a child of four; she lived to become his wife, after burying two other husbands—first Sir Thomas Philip, and, secondly, Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, who was killed at the siege of Orleans, when, we are told, the battle-cry of the English troops was 'Salisbury and De la Pole.' Soon after her third marriage, she joined with her husband in building and endowing the church of Ewelme, with its adjoining hospital and grammar-school; and she lies in alabaster on a noble altar tomb in that Church, wearing on her arm the blue Riband of the Garter, once worn by her second husband, a privilege almost unique.

But the Earl of Suffolk was not content with a mere share in a work of charity. He would

also do something, as from himself alone, for the northern town where his ancestors had first risen into note. Accordingly, he resolved to found and endow at Kingston-on-Hull a religious house called the Chartreuse, or Charter House; and it is not a little singular that, whilst other similar endowments and charities have been wasted and confiscated, both this hospital at Ewelme and the Charter House at Hull remain to this day as witnesses to his name and his work.

But the earl was destined to achieve further greatness. Though only twenty-seven years of age, he held the command of the English forces in France at the siege of Montague in 1423. Six years later he was made prisoner—taking, however, the precaution of bestowing knighthood on his captor, in order that he might not fall into the hands of a ‘villain’—but was speedily released from durance vile. He was afterwards employed on diplomatic missions, and was sent abroad by Henry VI. as proxy to receive his bride, Margaret of Anjou; and he also had charge of the boy king when he was

crowned at Paris in 1430. For these and other services he was created a marquis, and he was raised to the dukedom of Suffolk in 1448.

But the goodwill of the Court and of the great lords aroused very different feelings in the breasts of the nation at large, who became more and more embittered against him as he rose step by step in favour at St. James's and Whitehall. He was charged with having handed over the provinces of Maine and Anjou to Rénier, King of Sicily, on the marriage of his daughter, Queen Margaret; with having betrayed State secrets to the French; with having equipped the castle of Wallingford with warlike stores for the service of the French in case of an invasion; and with other high misdemeanours—all probably alike untrue. He was accordingly arraigned before his peers by the Speaker of the House of Commons, and committed to the Tower; but he managed to escape from his keepers and the stone walls of the Tower, and took ship to France. He was, however, stopped in the Downs, where he was greeted with, ‘Welcome, traitor!’ A mock trial followed, as every reader of Shakespeare knows. He was

taken within a few furlongs of the shore by his captors, and beheaded off Dover, his body being carried for burial to Wingfield Church, in Suffolk, where there is a monument to his memory. He, doubtless, fell in reality a victim to the faction of Richard, who then was thirsting for the crown, which he subsequently obtained.

His son John became, by his death, second duke when only eight years old. He married Elizabeth Plantagenet in the year of the death of her father, Richard Duke of York, on the bloody battle-field of Wakefield, and was therefore brother-in-law of Edward IV. and Richard III.; and as his mother's great-aunt, Catharine Swynford, the third wife of John Duke of Gaunt, was aunt by marriage to Richard, he stood sufficiently near to the throne to make his children, at all events, an object of jealousy to the successors of Richard III. The latter, on the death of his own son in 1484, declared John Earl of Lincoln, son of the second Duke of Suffolk, heir to the crown. In fact, the Duke of Suffolk stood so high in the favour of King Richard III. that he bore the sceptre and dove at his coronation,

while the Earl of Lincoln carried the ball and the cross.

John Earl of Lincoln was killed at the battle of Stoke, whilst endeavouring to make good his claim to the Crown. His brother Edmund succeeded to the title of Duke of Suffolk—an empty honour, seeing that the Suffolk estates had been escheated to the Crown. A portion of these, however, was restored to him, on condition that he should merge the title of duke in that of earl. But even these estates were seized, and finally forfeited in 1499, when he was forced to flee the kingdom as an outlaw, as it was said and believed, for having ‘slaine a meane person,’ for which he was excommunicated by the Pope. The earl was induced to return to England by promise of an indemnity from Henry VII.; but, in spite of this, he was committed in 1505 to the safe keeping of the Tower of London, where, after a captivity of seven years, he was beheaded by order of Henry VIII., who, ever false and Tudor-like, declined to be bound by his father’s promise. All the Suffolk estates, both those in the eastern counties and those at

Ewelme in Oxfordshire, were declared by a subservient parliament to be justly forfeited to the Crown.

A life-interest in the Ewelme property was considerably granted by the King to Margaret, wife of Earl Edmund, and daughter of Sir Richard Scrope; the remaining estates were conferred on Charles Brandon, who later on was created Earl of Suffolk, and who, it happened, was maternally descended from the Sir Edmund De la Pole who died in 1419. Edmund and Margaret left, happily, only one child, a daughter, who died a professed nun in a convent in the Minories in London; and with her perished the last of the once powerful race of De la Pole.

## THE EGLINTON TOURNAMENT.

EARLY in October, 1861, there died very suddenly one of the most popular noblemen in the three kingdoms, Archibald William Montgomerie, thirteenth Earl of Eglinton, in the peerage of Scotland. He was also one of the most influential chieftains in the Lowlands, and his castle, on the Ayrshire coast, is well known to tourists. He was staying at Mr. Whyte-Melville's seat, near St. Andrew's, Fifeshire, where he was engaged during the afternoon in playing at golf, apparently in robust health. He dined with Mr. Melville in the evening, and exhibited his usual cheerfulness; but before the party separated he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, which at once rendered him unconscious. In that lamentable state he continued until his death, a few hours

afterwards. His decease cast a gloom over all Scotland.

The earl was the head of the noble Scottish house of Montgomerie, which has held broad acres in Ayrshire for six centuries without intermission, and has produced in that time many illustrious scions, including Sir John Montgomerie, who played a distinguished part in the battle of Otterbourne (see the ballad of ‘Chevy Chase’), and there took prisoner Henry Percy, the ‘Hotspur’ of history; and Hugh, third Lord Montgomerie, and first Earl of Eglinton, Justice-General of Scotland under James V.

The late earl (his father having died young, whilst his grandfather lived to a great age) succeeded to the title at the age of eight, and so had a long minority, during which his estates, which were always large and profitable, were immensely increased by judicious accumulation; and though, after he came of age, he became a great patron of the turf, his losses and his winnings about covered each other, and he retired, some years back, having won the ‘blue ribbon’ of that order and many other prizes, with an unsullied reputation. He thence-

forward devoted himself more steadily than ever to agricultural science and to politics, and proved himself at once one of the best landlords in canny Scotland, and one of the most popular, practical, and sensible viceroys that ever set foot in Ireland. He held the Lord-Lieutenancy of that kingdom twice, first during Lord Derby's first brief administration in 1852, and again during his equally short political innings in 1858-59. On both occasions Lord Eglinton won for himself golden opinions among the susceptible Irish people. He was sociable, jovial, frank, open, and strictly honest, and showed no favour either to Catholic or Protestant, Whig or Tory, taking as his motto not only '*Justice to Ireland*,' but '*Justice in Ireland*'.

Shortly after his first visit to Ireland he had the misfortune to lose his first wife, a portionless widow, whom he had married when quite a young man, and whose daughters by a former husband he provided, out of his own pocket, with handsome marriage dowries, securing for them thereby two, if not three, prospective coronets: one of these coronets, be it here re-

corded, is none other than that of the Earl of Shrewsbury. During his second Lord-Lieutenancy he took, as his second wife, a sister of the present Earl of Essex, but was again left a widower most suddenly, after only a few months of wedded happiness. About the same time Lord Derby, on retiring from place and power, bestowed on him the English earldom of Winton, a revival of an old title which is linked closely with the history of Scotland.

Lord Eglinton was an active, strong, and energetic man, and very fond of field sports and all sorts of athletic exercises. But his name will be remembered by most persons in connection with the Eglinton Tournament, which took place at the end of August, 1839. The tournament may be regarded as an integral part of that revival of old customs which has marked the reign of her Majesty, and was partly suggested by the omission of the Champion's challenge at her Coronation in the previous year. The knights, who were the flower of the British aristocracy, had prepared themselves for the great pageant for some

weeks previously, by practising at the jousts at St. John's Wood, near the Regent's Park. The tilting was intended to have occupied an entire week, but a pouring rain marred the pleasure and the beauty of the entertainment, drenched the ladies' rich silks, canopies, and caparisons, and forced the 'Queen of Beauty' herself to appear upon the ground—not, as had been intended, on horseback, but in a prosaic carriage and four. The ground selected was about a quarter-of-a-mile from Lord Eglinton's castle in Ayrshire, surrounded by fine woods and very beautiful scenery, and the area enclosed for the purpose covered a space of about four square acres, the arena being six hundred and fifty feet long by two hundred and fifty wide. Around the arena was erected a fence, in which were used no less than twelve thousand square feet of boarding. The barrier in the centre, parallel to which the knights charged each other in the tilts, was three hundred feet long and about four and a half feet high, and the ground was thickly strewed with sawdust for twenty-five feet on either side. At the four corners of the arena the lances of the knights

were piled, and at either extremity the pavilions of the knights, their squires, and retainers were arranged.

The grand stand accommodated seven hundred of the *élite* of the visitors; it was erected in the Gothic style, and the throne for the Queen of Beauty, which formed its centre, caught the eye less by its prominence than by its elaborate carved work; it was overlaid with gold, and hung with rich drapery of crimson damask. East and west of this gorgeous receptacle were two galleries of inferior splendour, calculated to contain between them nearly three thousand spectators. One of these galleries was assigned to the private friends of the earl and the knights, and in the other those strangers who had obtained tickets for witnessing the display. Around this selected spot, near which the knights displayed their dexterity in the use of ancient weapons of war, the ground afforded stands for thousands of spectators, who could not possibly have gained admittance within the lists. Nearer the castle were erected two temporary saloons, each two hundred and fifty feet long, for the banquet and the ball. Each of the knights had

his own marquee, or (in more appropriate language) pavilion, for himself and attendants. The decorations of the lists were costly and magnificent, and some of the splendid erections provided for at her Majesty's coronation were again brought into use.

At the request of Lord Eglinton, a large proportion of the visitors came attired in ancient costume. The armour worn by some of the chevaliers was of the most splendid description. The Earl of Eglinton, who himself presided as Lord of the Tournament, appeared in a very costly and beautiful suit of brass armour, and the crest which surmounted his helmet was decorated with plumes of blue and yellow feathers. His horse, too, was richly caparisoned with blue satin and cloth of gold.

The morning was unfortunately very wet, and the feudal appearance of the display was sadly marred by thousands of umbrellas. In consequence of the rain, a considerable part of the ceremonial was omitted; and the Queen of Beauty and her ladies, instead of mounting their palfreys, were confined within their carriages. It was two o'clock, and in the midst of a

drenching shower, when the procession started from the castle, somewhat in the following order:

Men-at-arms, in demi-suits of armour and costumes, on horseback. Mounted musicians, their horses trapped and caparisoned. Trumpeters, in full costume, the trumpets and banners emblazoned with the arms of the Lord of the Tournament. Banner-bearers of the Lord of the Tournament. Two deputy marshals, in costumes emblazoned with the arms of the Earl of Eglinton, mounted on horseback, and attended by a party of men-at-arms, on foot. The Eglinton herald, with his tabard embroidered with the arms of the earl. Two pursuivants, in emblazoned surcoats. The Judge of Peace (Lord Saltoun), in his robes, and bearing a wand, on horseback. Retainers, halberdiers, and men-at-arms. The Herald of the Tournament, in his tabard. The Knight Marshal of the Lists (Sir Charles Lamb, the earl's step-father), in a suit of black armour, followed by his esquires, Lord Chelsea and Major McDoual. Attendants of the Knight Marshal, and halberdiers of the Knight Marshal. Ladies visitors: Lady

Montgomerie, Lady Jane Montgomerie (the earl's mother and sister), and the Honourable Miss Macdonald, on horses caparisoned with blue and white silk. The King of the Tournament, the Marquis of Londonderry, in a tunic of green velvet, embroidered with gold, and covered by a crimson velvet cloak. Esquires (Colonel Wood and H. Irvine, Esq.) and halberdiers. The Queen of Beauty, Lady Seymour,\* in a robe of violet. Ladies attendants on the Queen. Esquire (F. Charteris, Esq.). The Jester (Mr. McLan, a Highland artist and actor), on a mule caparisoned in blue and yellow cloth and trapped with bells, &c. Retainers on foot. The Irvine archers. in costumes of Lincoln green. Servitors of the Lord of the Tournament. Halberdiers of the lord. The gonfalon, borne by a man-at-arms. The Lord of the Tournament (the Earl of Eglinton), in a suit of richly-damasked gilt armour, with a skirt of chain-mail. The banner, borne by Lord A. Seymour. Esquires and retainers of the lord. Then followed, in like manner, each preceded by his halberdiers and gonfalon, and

\* Afterwards Duchess of Somerset.

followed by banners, esquires, and retainers, the several knights, as follows : Knight of the Griffin (Earl of Craven) ; Knight of the Dragon (Marquis of Waterford) ; Knight of the Black Lion (Viscount Alford) ; Knight of Gael (Lord Glenlyon) ; Knight of the Dolphin (Earl of Cassilis) ; Knight of the Crane (Lord Cranstoun), Knight of the Ram (Honourable Captain Gage) ; the Black Knight (John Campbell, of Saddell) ; Knight of the Swan (Honourable Mr. Jerningham) ; Knight of the Golden Lion (Captain J. O. Fairlie) ; Knight of the White Rose (Charles Lamb, Esq.), Knight of the Stag's Head (Captain Beresford) ; Knight of the Border (Sir F. Johnstone) ; Knight of the Burning Tower (Sir F. Hopkins) ; Knight of Red Rose (R. J. Lechmere, Esq.) ; Knight of the Lion's Paw (Cecil Boothby, Esq.) ; the Knights Visitors, in ancient costumes. Swordsmen ; bowmen ; the seneschal of the castle ; two deputy marshals ; attendants of the deputy marshals ; chamberlains of the household ; servitors of the castle, and men-at arms.

Several courses of jousting were run, in which, of all the combatants, the Earl of Eglinton was

the most successful ; but the sports on the first day were abridged in consequence of the weather, and concluded with a broad-sword combat between Mr. Mackay an actor, and a soldier of one of the Highland regiments.

‘The second tilt, perhaps the most gallant, and certainly the most interesting joust of the day,’ writes one who was present, ‘was between the Knight of the Dragon (the Marquis of Waterford), and the King of the Tournament (the Earl of Eglinton). The knights met as combatants, in spite of the rain, in a truly gallant style. In the first course both lances were shivered, and the shock was heard throughout the whole amphitheatre, the sound being answered and re-echoed by the enthusiastic cheering of the spectators who were looking on in thousands. In the second joust the Marquis of Waterford started a little before his antagonist, and thus, meeting unequally, they raised their lances and passed without actually encountering each other. In the third course the noble earl splintered his lance upon the shield of the marquis—a feat which was answered by another burst of prolonged applause. He was

then led by a herald to the grand stand, and paid his devoirs to the Queen of Beauty as victor.'

On the second day, the weather continued so unfavourable that nothing could be done, but, as it cleared up towards the afternoon, the renewal of the tournament was fixed for the following day, and in the meantime the assembled multitude made merry as they might. In the ball-room a series of mimic tilts, on foot, took place between Prince Louis Napoleon (the late Emperor of the French) and Mr. Lamb, who were both in armour.

On Friday, the 30th, the procession and joustings were repeated under more favourable circumstances. The whole concluded with a tourney at barriers, in which eight knights were engaged, the blows being limited to two in passing and ten at the encounter; the only breakers of this law were the Marquis of Waterford and Lord Alford, who appeared to be plying their weapons in good earnest, when they were separated by the knight marshal. In the evening a banquet was given to three hundred persons in the temporary saloon (which the rain had previously rendered needless) followed by a ball, at

which one thousand guests were present. This part of the pageant, being carried on under cover, was almost the only portion of the proceedings which was not spoiled by the malign influence of Jupiter Pluvius. And so ended the ‘Eglinton Tournament.’

It was sad indeed that the revival of so splendid a pageant was marred by the badness of the weather, and when it does rain in Scotland, it can pour in torrents, and blind with the thickest of mists as well. But it is sadder still to reflect that out of the young, noble, and gentle men of England and of ‘merry Scotland,’ scarcely one is now alive after seven and forty years, and that most of them, Lord Alford, Lord Waterford, Lord Londonderry, and the Lord of the Tournament, for example, if they do not lie in early graves, at all events never lived to approach the Psalmist’s allotted limit of three-score years and ten.

## MALCOLM, LORD FORTH.

In October, 1861, the newspapers announced the news that Lord Forth, had died suddenly whilst staying at an hotel at Gloucester, and that his death was caused by his own hand. He was the second but only surviving son of the Right Hon. George Drummond, fifth Earl of Perth and Melfort, in the peerage of Scotland, and Duc de Melfort and Comte de Lussans in that of France, by his first wife, the Baroness Albertine von Rothberg Rheinweiler, relict of General Count Rapp, a peer of France. Lord Forth was born at Naples in the year 1834, lost his mother before he was ten years old, and entered the army as ensign in the 42nd Foot, at the age of eighteen. Not long after that the Russian war broke out, and Lord Forth accom-

panied his regiment to Turkey, where he served for some months before proceeding to the Crimea.

For some reason or other, which has never been satisfactorily explained, the wild and impulsive youth became unpopular in his regiment; and in the end he resigned his commission and retired from the service while the war was going on—a step which caused much ill-natured remark at the time, and gave rise to a story which was most industriously circulated at the time, and which seriously impugned his personal courage. Knowing as I do, from a private source, much that has been said both for and against him, I believe Lord Forth, as a young man in the army, to have been as much sinned against as sinning; and I am of opinion that the treatment which he received while holding her Majesty's commission, acting on a fiery, head-strong, and unrestrained temperament, laid the foundation of his subsequent misfortunes, including an ill-starred and ill-assorted marriage, a matrimonial separation, and an ineffectual attempt to obtain a divorce on the part of both husband and wife; and at last, the tragical

end of the young nobleman and his paramour. Had Lord Forth, as the phrase goes, ‘shown the white feather in the Crimea,’ it is not likely that he would have received, as he subsequently did receive, the medal and clasp for both the Alma and Sebastopol; and I believe that I am stating the worst against him in his character of a soldier, when I say that the act which eventually caused him to resign his commission was an act, not of cowardice, but of insubordination. Now subordination is one of the last virtues learned by a boy who, like Lord Forth, lost his mother at an early age, and was scarcely ever the inmate of his father’s roof afterwards; and who, when he grew to manhood, found himself burdened with a title to keep up, without the means of sustaining it, and was little fitted by his early training for any profession which required obedience, and submission to the control of a superior. I am not seeking to excuse or palliate the recklessness of his subsequent career, much less the madness of his suicide; but let us all hope that he will be mercifully judged at the highest of tribunals.

The Earl of Perth, his father, for many years

lived wholly abroad, and it is no secret that when he succeeded in establishing his claim to the earldom, which had been forfeited by his ancestors on account of their zealous adherence to the cause of the unhappy Stuarts, he recovered not a shilling of their once vast revenues, or an acre of the estates which once owned the Earls of Perth as their laird. Rightly or wrongly, almost all those estates are now owned by the Lady Willoughby d'Eresby, as heir of a younger member of the Drummond family, who was raised towards the close of the last century to a peerage, which expired at his death.

Drummond Castle, near Perth, well known to every Scottish tourist as the princely residence of Lord and Lady Willoughby d'Eresby, is the seat where the Drummonds of old kept all but regal state ; and I happen to know that the late Lord Forth, some years since, traversed the many miles of the estates of his ancestors, gun in hand, and brought back with him to the hotel at Perth several brace of birds, which he considered that he had a perfect right to shoot without leave or licence from the Willoughbies, as he held that the estates were by strict right

his father's. I only state facts; I give here no verdict of my own as to the justice of his claim. I would only point to the melancholy end of Lord Forth as one of the distant and remote results—yet still *a result*—of those odious and infamous penal laws which were so cruelly enforced against the followers of the exiled House of Stuart, down to a comparatively recent date.

The Earl of Perth, who had, in 1840, succeeded his uncle in the French honours conferred by Louis XIV. on his grandfather, and had thenceforth become head of the family, petitioned the Queen, in 1841, for the formal restoration of his Scottish titles. It was not, however, till 1848 that he succeeded in establishing his case, by proving his descent before the Committee of the House of Lords for Privileges; and it was only in 1853 that his ancestors' attainder was reversed, and he was formally restored in blood by a special Act of Parliament, and the favour of Her Majesty. In the same year the earl (who in early life had been captain in the 93rd Foot), was appointed major in the Victoria Middlesex Rifles,

a commission which he held for very many years.

It is almost superfluous to add that the cause of the attainder passed upon the Drummonds was the share which they took in the Scottish rising in favour of the Pretender in 1745 ; and that the same causes which divested them of their patent of nobility here, earned for them even a higher title at the Court of Le Grand Monarque. They lived mainly at St. Germain, on the most intimate terms with Louis XIV., XV., and XVI., and with the family of the Young Chevalier ; and Lord Perth's sister, Lady Clementina Davis, told me that she herself was the very last person born in the royal apartments at St. Germain, before that palace was dismantled as a royal residence, after the outbreak of the first French Revolution.

## THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF HESSE-HOMBURG.

AMONG the various royal and semi-royal houses which figure year by year in the pages of the 'Almanac de Gotha' are those of Anhalt-Dessau of Hesse-Homburg, though they have both of them been lately swallowed up, thanks to Prince Bismarck, in the new German Empire. The latter formed in other days a part of the Landgraviate of Hesse-Darmstadt; and its reigning sovereign, or prince, though driven out of his domains by the Rhenish Confederation in 1806, was reinstated in his principality of Hesse-Homburg by the Congress of Vienna, and in 1817 was recognised as a member of the German Confederation.

It will be remembered by my readers that the

Landgravine Louise of Anhalt-Dessau, widow of the Landgrave Gustav, some time reigning Prince of Hesse-Homburg, and sister-in-law of his successor, the Landgrave Ferdinand, died in the summer of 1858, at the age of nearly sixty years, at the Schloss of Homburg, near Frankfort-on-the-Maine. And, as some of the details of her early career are so romantic that they would seem to belong to the realms of fiction rather than to those of reality, I will give here a short sketch of her life, presuming only that the facts advanced are not imaginary, but literally and strictly happened as they are told in these pages.

The Princess Louise Frederica, daughter of the Hereditary Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, was born on March 1st, 1798, and was little more than a child, certainly not 'out of her teens,' when the Prince Ferdinand above mentioned, happening to pay a visit to her father's Court, was struck with her extreme beauty, and fell violently in love with her. Unfortunately, however, he was not an elder son; and the young lady had even before this—though unknown to himself—been promised in marriage to Fer-

dinand's elder brother, Prince Gustav; but, although the ardent lover tried every possible means of changing this prior engagement to an arrangement in his own favour, he was not able to persuade the young lady's parents, or to gain his end. A lingering illness, during which Prince Ferdinand's reason was for some time despaired of, was the immediate consequence of the marriage of the princess, which was solemnised on the 12th of February, 1813. At last he recovered from the shock, and, reason having returned, he entered the army of his fatherland, and, both on other battle-fields and also at Waterloo, threw himself into the thickest of the fray, as if he wished to rid himself of the burden of life. But death--as often happens in such cases--did not come at the moment when he was wanted. At all events, he did not take a fancy to his voluntary, or rather his would-be, victim; and so the prince returned home from his campaigns unhurt in body, and probably better in mind also. In order to while away the time, which hung heavy on his hands, he now set out on a long course of travels, during which he visited almost all the Courts

of Europe, and not a few of Asia also, and did not return to Homburg until the death of his brother had already called him to the throne.

This happened at the end of 1848. Prince Ferdinand was now sixty-five; the Princess Louise, his brother's widow, had seen her fiftieth birthday, and was the mother of married daughters, who, of course, were his own nieces. Nevertheless, though so many years had passed by since he had first sought her youthful affections, she was still the beloved of his heart; though it was, of course, impossible for him to obtain the consent of the Church, or perhaps of the State either, to a marriage within the prohibited degrees. Accordingly, he resolved to lay down a most extraordinary line of conduct for himself. He was naturally reluctant, for her sake and for the avoidance of scandal, to live under the same roof with the object of his early love; but, as there was only one royal residence within his small dominions, he saw himself obliged, very soon after his accession, to instal himself as an inmate of the palace of Homburg on the Mountains. There he lived thenceforth in the strictest possible

retirement, inhabiting only a few rooms in one wing of the building, and leaving the rest of the palace to his widowed sister-in-law.

Long ranges of apartments separated their respective suites of rooms, and during the week the two royal personages never set eyes on each other; but every succeeding Sunday was a *fête* day to Prince Ferdinand, for upon that day he would regularly traverse, along with his courtiers, the empty saloons which separated him from his beloved princess, and would enter most soberly and solemnly, yet with glowing eyes and a beating heart, the boudoir of his old love, and respectfully kiss her hand. After conversing with her for about an hour—seldom much more or less—he would take up his hat and solemnly, and with almost gloom on his countenance, retrace his steps towards his own lonely apartments. The faithful subjects of the Landgrave so well knew the mood of their prince, and so thoroughly respected his feelings, that they seldom handed to him any petitions except on the morning of Sunday, when his face was always radiant with joy, and he would have a smile, and almost a welcome, even for a beggar.

The princess died, as already stated, in the year 1858 ; and from that time down to the day of his death the poor Landgrave remained inconsolable. At all events, he became thenceforth a complete hermit, and lived in the strictest seclusion, wandering by day and night through the chambers of his lonely palace. An English traveller who visited the neighbourhood of Hesse-Homburg in 1859 or 1860 writes thus concerning him : ‘ His subjects as well as the numerous tourists, chiefly Englishmen, who every year visit the baths of Homburg, never get sight of him who formerly was so amiable ; and he is supposed to be determined to end his days in a small private chapel, before a statue of Princess Louise, his old, never-forgotten lady-love.’ It only remains to add that the Landgrave Ferdinand died on the eve of our Lady-day, in 1866, and that he was the last of his royal race. His small territory was in the same year incorporated with Prussia, and now forms a portion of the Empire of Germany. But for the Franco-German war, it would have fallen to Hesse-Darmstadt.

According to the ‘ Statesman’s Year Book ’

of the late Mr. F. Martin, the Landgrave enjoyed an annual income of 150,000 florins, or about £12,000, which was in a great part derived from the sale of mineral waters, and from the rents of the gaming-tables at Homburg. The royal line which he represented was founded in 1596 by Prince George I. of Hesse-Darmstadt, who separated the territory from the other possessions of his family in favour of a younger son, to whom he wished to secure a position among the smaller potentates of Europe. On the establishment of the Rheinbund of Napoleon in 1806, the small country of Hesse-Homburg was annexed to, or rather placed under, the sovereignty of Hesse-Darmstadt; but the Congress of Vienna reinstated the Landgrave among the reigning sovereigns of the Continent, though under the protest of the leading German princes; and, indeed, it was only in the year 1817 that the then Landgrave, Frederick Louis, was formally recognised by the Germanic Diet. The little kingdom, therefore, can hardly be said to have lived quite half-a-century.

## THE RISE OF THE HOUSE OF GOLDSMID.

THE Goldsmids, whose head and representative enjoys a baronetcy in England and the dignity of a baron in Portugal, may well form in this series a companion picture to the stories of the rise of the Rothschilds, Thellussons, and Barings.\* Little is known of their early history except that they came from Cassel, in Germany, and that in all probability they derived their name from the branch of trade which they followed at a time when a goldsmith and a banker were pretty nearly one and the same thing.

We are told that Aaron, the second son of Benedict Goldsmid, of Hamburg, settled in Leman Street, Goodman's Fields, near Whitechapel Church, as a merchant, in the early part of the last century. His son George was the

\* See 'Tales of Great Families.'

father of two sons, Abraham and Benjamin Goldsmid, who, by their splendid capacities for business, strict integrity, and singular good fortune, succeeded in raising their firm from comparative obscurity to be the head and front of Change Alley. At an early period of life these brothers kept a broker's shop in Goodman's Fields, where their promptitude and honourable dealings soon gained them a considerable amount of credit. This success encouraged them to enlarge their sphere of operations. Accordingly, in 1792 they set up as stockbrokers and money-lenders in Capel Court. Here they made the acquaintance of Mr. Abraham Newland, the chief cashier of the Bank of England, whose name, appearing as it did at the bottom of the national paper currency for more than half-a-century, was for a long time almost a household word in this country.

Inspired with a liking for the two brothers, Mr. Newland made them his financial agents, and through him they speedily attained the summit of stockbroking activity. Thus taken in hand by the 'great man,' and with the aid of their talents, prudence, and foresight, the

success of the Goldsmids was rapid. In 1801 they became for the first time competitors for a portion of the Government loan of five millions, a speculation which proved so lucrative that at the next loan they were enabled to treble their former subscription. They were the first members of the Stock Exchange who competed with the bankers for the favours of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and succeed in diverting into more legitimate sources the profits hitherto absorbed by the bankers. In the course of five years the brothers had amassed a fortune variously estimated from £600,000 to £800,000. Naturally fond of show and society, and possessed of great benevolence of character, they spent their money freely. No sordid parsimony was theirs. ‘The daily papers,’ writes Francis, in his ‘Characters of the Stock Exchange,’ ‘bore almost daily testimony to their uniform and boundless generosity. Naturally open-handed, the poor of all classes found in them kindly benefactors. On one day the grand doings at an entertainment to royalty were recorded; and on the next a few words related a visit of mercy to a condemned cell.

At another, mansions vying in architectural beauty with those of our nobility were described ; and, again, some gracious act of charity was dwelt upon. Banquets to princes and ambassadors reviving the glories of the Arabian Nights were frequent, and galleries with works of art worthy of the magnificence of the Medici graced their houses.' They were awhile fortune's chief and especial favourites. When in 1793 almost every mercantile house in England experienced the baneful effects of the well-nigh unprecedented number of bankruptcies, and when the bank in one day discounted £4,400,000, their loss amounted but to fifty pounds. One year they gained two sweepstakes by naming the thousand in which the first and last ticket in the lottery happened to be drawn, together with several other prizes in subsequent lotteries.

But this career of splendid prosperity was cut short in the most melancholy manner. On the morning of April 12th, 1808, the valet of Mr. Benjamin Goldsmid, the younger of the two brothers, on entering his master's room, found him hanging suspended from a cord attached to the tester of the bed. It having been brought

forward in evidence that for some time previously he had been labouring under depression of spirits, the jury brought in a verdict of lunacy. Mr. Abraham Goldsmid, it is said, felt the loss of his brother so severely that he never recovered from the shock; and so intimate had been the relations existing between the two members of the house of Goldsmid, that the firm, reduced to one partner, was unable to do its accustomed work. Hitherto invariably successful in all its undertakings, it now became the reverse. Soon calamity after calamity overtook the surviving partner, until, driven to desperation, he staked the remainder of his fortune, formerly amounting to about eight millions, in one transaction. Mr. Goldsmid was a joint contractor for the loan of fourteen millions with the house of Sir Francis Baring; but, Sir Francis dying, the support of the market was left to his companion. Taking the largest possible range, that he had dealt amongst his friends one half the sum allotted to him, the loss sustained by the remainder at sixty-five per thousand was a strain which no individual fortune could sustain. About the middle of September, Abraham Goldsmid's loss

amounted to about two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and still the prices kept sinking lower and lower. Towards the end of the month, the 'Omnium' had fallen to  $6\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Ever since the decline of Omnium from par, Abraham Goldsmid's spirits drooped progressively; but when it reached five and six per cent. discount, beyond all probability of ultimate recovery, the unfortunate gentleman became restless and disturbed in his mind. His transactions with the East Indian Company also increased his embarrassments. The aid granted to them by Parliament was advanced in exchequer bills, which were put into Mr. Goldsmid's hands to negotiate. Of the five hundred thousand pounds which they advanced, the Company had received one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and they had announced to Mr. Goldsmid that they would want the remainder on the 1st of October. For that sum they held Omnium as security. On Thursday, 29th of September, while on 'Change, the sadly harassed man, it seems, betrayed 'more than his usual impatience and irritability,' and spoke very incoherently of the revenge he promised himself in the punishment of the two

parties opposed to him in the money-market. In the evening he received some friends at his house at Morden, in Surrey, and even joined them in a game of cards. About half-past seven on the following morning, he was seen passing over the bridge which led to a part of the shrubbery called the Wilderness, in the grounds at the back part of the house; suddenly a pistol shot was heard, and he was discovered shortly afterwards lying mortally wounded. In spite of everything that medical aid could do, he expired about ten o'clock, surrounded by his sorrowing family. As soon as intelligence of the dreadful event reached the City, it created a sensation unparalleled by the loss of any single individual. 'Expresses were sent with the news to the King and the Prince of Wales; Consols fell in a few minutes from  $66\frac{1}{2}$  to  $63\frac{3}{4}$ , and Omnimium declined from about  $6\frac{1}{2}$  to about  $10\frac{1}{4}$  discount, and remained steady at that price for some time; the jobbers of Capel Court crowded in anxious inquiry; the merchants of the Exchange assembled before their usual time; the thoroughfares resounded with rapid questions and hurried replies, and little or no

business was done ; and it is said the great question of peace and war never created a similar confusion.' 'A hundred fortunes,' writes the late Mr. Frederick Martin, 'went to pieces under the fall of the most trusted pillar of the Stock Exchange.'

The jury recorded the usual verdict, and the remains of the deceased were interred in the Jews' burial ground at Mile End. The funeral procession was followed to the place of interment by a number of poor persons, who, having partaken of Mr. Goldsmid's charity in his life-time, wished to honour him in death, their moans and sobs attesting the sincerity of their sorrow. The high priest and the elders of the synagogue who were present paid every distinction in their power to the remains of their departed friend, but, in accordance with the Mosaic law, they withheld from him their customary funeral rites, and he was buried without the pale of consecrated ground.

It is said of Mr. Abraham Goldsmid, as of his brother Benjamin, that a man more truly amiable in all the social relations of life never existed. His general philanthropy, his ready munificence,

his friendly demeanour, his mild and conciliatory manner, made him beloved and esteemed by a large circle of friends, and by the commercial public at large. He was the promoter of all charitable institutions, and there were not many men who ever performed kind acts in social life, or more liberal ones in what may be termed his public one, than Mr Abraham Goldsmid.

‘It is stated,’ says Francis, ‘that, noticing a great depression in the waiter who usually attended him while he dined, he inquired the cause, ascertained that it was pecuniary, gave the astonished man double the amount he required, and refused to listen to the thanks of the recipient.’

Another story is extant to the same purport. He became acquainted, by accident, with one of those simple and single-minded country curates whose poverty was the disgrace and whose piety was the glory of the Church of England. This was the man for Abraham Goldsmid at once to appreciate and to benefit. He obtained all necessary particulars of his case, and in a few weeks the parson received a letter which told him

that he had been allotted a share in a new loan. The letter was a mystery to the country clergyman, who placed it on one side with a confused idea that a hoax was intended. He had not long to wait. The next day brought a second letter, and with it comfort and consolation in the shape of a large sum of money, which had been received on the allotment.

Mr. Goldsmid, before the committal of his last desperate act, had determined, if possible, to fulfil all his contracts at the Stock Exchange, hoping still to have a competency left to retire with into private life from the wreck of his fortune. With this end in view, he had already commenced retrenchments by discharging all the workmen and out-door labourers employed on his extensive premises at Morden.

An investigation having been made into the affairs of the deceased and his partner, Mr. Moxon, by desire of the Government, it appeared that the house of Goldsmid and Company had originally retained to themselves £800,000 of the loan, £600,000 of the English and £200,000 of the Irish. The purchases of

Omnium since, in order to sustain it, had alone occasioned the difficulties which, in a moment of frenzy, led to the sad act. The amount of the purchased Omnium was not stated; but it was positively asserted by those who had looked into the affairs of the house, that there would be a considerable surplus for the family of the deceased after fulfilling all engagements of the firm, provided the holders of the Omnium (as security for the money advanced) did not imprudently bring it to the market in a hurry, but retained it till there was a public demand for it. The account between the Treasury and Mr. Goldsmid was completely balanced, so that no interruptions occurred to prevent the winding-up of his affairs. Mr. Isaac Lyon Goldsmid, nephew of the celebrated brothers Abraham and Benjamin Goldsmid, was created a baronet in 1841. He was also made Baron de Goldsmid and de Palmeira in Portugal—titles conferred upon him by the Queen of Portugal in recognition of the important services rendered by him to her country, and further was authorised to wear his Portuguese honours in England. His

son and his grandson have held seats in the House of Commons, and they own the noble estate of Somerhill, near Tunbridge, which the second baronet purchased from the Alexanders about forty years ago.

## THE LOVE-MATCH OF THE EARL OF OSSORY.

IN the middle of the seventeenth century, one of the most powerful and influential nobles in Ireland was James, Earl and Marquis of Ormonde, whom Charles II. raised to the still higher grade of Duke, in reward for his services during the Civil War. Ormonde's eldest son Thomas, Earl of Ossory, appears to have been one of those young gentlemen who consider that they have a right, although the eldest sons of peers, and destined heads of families, to contract marriages of love, not of *convenience*, and to choose wives according to their own fancies, and not at the bidding of a parent, however good and excellent. Accordingly, we find that in 1658, while residing at the Hague, he fell over head and ears in love with Emilia,

daughter of a member of the house of Nassau, Louis, Sieur de Beverweert and Lord of Auverquerque, a natural son of Maurice, Prince of Orange. The duke—I call him so, though at the time of which I write he was only Marquis of Ormonde—was with the King at Brussels, while Ossory's mother, the marchioness, was resident at Dunmore, in the county of Kilkenny. As the great bulk of the Ormonde estate was hers, the Commissioners for Ireland, during the Commonwealth, allowed her the use of Dunmore Park and its demesne lands, to the value of two thousand pounds a year, for her personal maintenance. One consequence of this dispersion of the family is that the letters of all the parties concerned in the matter are forthcoming, and can be read *in extenso*.

Early in October, 1658, Ossory first tells his father about his passion for Mademoiselle de Beverweert, and on the 24th of that month he writes, expressing his joy to find that his father approves of his suit. His expressions are very natural, and such as might well be used in the reign of Queen Victoria. ‘I that never believed that there was such a thing as love before, and

that have so much jeered at others for being in it, cannot but with much shame confess that I am so much overtaken with it, that if I fail in this I shall never have a concern for any other.' At the same time, he complains that he has not heard from his mother for some months. Of one thing he is glad, namely, that the young lady has had other suitors, but he knows that he stands high in her favour. He asks for some 'band-laces' of the newest fashion, in order to send as a present to mademoiselle, and concludes by referring to 'some lie of Dick Talbot's about him.' Next day again he writes that he has been so accustomed to have his hopes frustrated—'though not in things of this kind,' he adds, in a parenthesis—as that his fears exceed his hopes. He is no further engaged, however, than that, if his friends approve, he has desired her not to oppose their mutual happiness, 'which, I am sure, she will not,' he quietly adds, as if he knew all the secrets of the female heart.

The marquis, I have said, did not oppose the match, but it was not equally to the fancy of the lady mother. She was a prudent old soul;

she knew the value of a good jointure; and she hoped that her son would make such a match as would put a good round sum into the family purse. In fact, she set herself heart and soul to oppose and thwart the love-affair; but it went on merrily notwithstanding. She did not think the De Beverweerts high enough in rank to mate with the heir of the house of Ormonde; and to the £10,000 belonging to the young lady she objected seriously that it did not come up to the mark at all, as there was a mortgage of £20,000 to be paid off, in order to clear the estate, and there were still two daughters unprovided for; so she hoped and trusted that some of her son's friends would dissuade him from the match while there was yet time, and so 'give a stop to his ruining a poor family.' As late, indeed, as January, 1659, after she has given an outward, and doubtless a reluctant, assent to the match, she still hopes on that Ossory will be open to conviction on the subject. 'It is not himself,' says the match-making and match-marrying mamma, 'but a whole posterity that will be ruined by his marrying a girl with an unsuitable marriage

portion.' Mr. Thomas Page, who was Ossory's secretary, writes to Ormonde :

' About two months ago, my lord sent word to my lady (his mother) that in his next she might happily hear of a match proposed to him, and that the young lady's fortune was ten thousand pounds, and it may be more. My lady, whether taking offence at the improvidence of young men in general, or touched by the example of some of our nobility who have ruined themselves and their families by rash engagements in this very place, or dissatisfied with the dowry itself (because she made a "but" of ten thousand pounds,) or intending my lord for somebody else, or, lastly, upon presumption that this county affords not a party parallel to your family, enjoined him to proceed no further, under no pretence whatever, without her and his family's consent, since his lady's portion must serve to disengage the estate mortgaged, partly to marry my Lady Elizabeth.' Page adds: 'Since I had the honour to be known to my lord, I never saw him in so disconsolate a mood as he has continued ever since the receipt of this letter,' and he advises Ormonde to

address a few words of comfort to Ossory. Page found it hard (he said) to disabuse Ossory of his hopes of getting Monsieur de Beverweert's assent to applying the marriage portion as his mother wished. He writes to Ormonde: 'I have a thousand times represented to him the use of himself or kindred; and if the father of the family deserve his character, 'tis as easy to get ten thousand pounds out of his hands as to fetch water out of a rock without a miracle.'

Meantime Ossory pursued his suit. He writes to his father: 'I got so much favour that the young woman has promised to speak herself to her mother.' And then: 'This is to tell you of the success of the gentlewoman's discourse, which was, I found, that her mother was somewhat displeased at her making so much an advance as to take upon her to break the thing first . . . I spoke to the mother myself.' He was, therefore, the more distressed at the marchioness's continued opposition. As to his mother's remark, 'She might have had more in England; she should remember that she has often failed in her projects, and that people will not be ready to ally themselves with a family in such dis-

favour with the ruling power in England.' He compares the present match with that proposed on the part of Mr. Treswell for his daughter: of that on Sir Walter Py's behalf, who said he would disinherit his son and make his daughter worth twenty thousand pounds. 'But there he over-reached himself,' says Ossory. He knew the girl, and would never dispose of himself in that manner for a reason which he could tell Ormonde, but not write it. One of Ormonde's household, named Buck, having intermeddled, Ossory writes to say that 'Littel Buck has been very officious, and he has been desired not to undertake so much. It is Lord Southampton's daughter he means, whose alliance he (Ossory) would covet more than any other in England if he could like the young lady, whom he has often seen, or if it were not absolutely impossible for him to love another.' He goes on to say that he considers it would be unworthy on his part if he were to marry a deserving person simply on account of a large fortune, which would not prevent misery if there was not mutual kindness. Thomas Page was sent by Ormonde to Ireland to try and

soften Lady Ormonde. It shows how reduced the Royalists were that Page had not even money enough to pay for the letter he was sending to Ormonde. He had received two hundred guilders for the journey, but he said he did not know what Ossory would do to defray some trivial expenses. He (Page) could not part with any of the money he had received; ‘and for payment of this, your excellency’s packet, I had only one shift left, viz., an old gold ring, which I found in a cabinet.’

Ossory still hoped that Monsieur de Beverweert might consent to the marriage portion being applied as his mother desired. In a letter to his father, after treating of his passion, and saying, ‘as I never had a virtuous love before, so I am sure that I shall never be capable of having another again,’ he adds a postscript, ‘I forgot to tell you that one night the mother, talking with me of Tom Howard’s marriage, laughed at him for being duped in having been shown his portion and afterwards being put in bank, which I am apt to believe was not said without design of letting me know that I might expect the contrary.’ At length Lady

Ormonde's assent was extorted, and on November 17th, 1659, her son was married. Shortly after his wife wrote, evidently at Ossory's dictation, a letter of compliment and affection to her new father-in-law, consisting of a few lines of scrawl, such as a child of five or six years might write. Some new attempt being now on foot for the king's cause, Ossory expresses his readiness to engage in it. 'I am very glad you are of my opinion that past services are not sufficient to keep up a posterity in reputation. . . . You may see that, for the most part, a rebel's condition that treats is better than an honest sufferer.'

In the event it is satisfactory to know that the married life of the Earl and Countess of Ossory was happy, but the Duchess of Ormonde probably judged right in thinking that an alliance with some of the English nobility would have been more likely to strengthen the family influence. The duchess generally speaks of her daughter-in-law in a tone of complaint and of dissatisfaction at the imprudence of the marriage. In 1668, being then in Ireland, she writes to the duke in London; after mentioning a few

domestic affairs, she says : ‘ I suppose my son Ossory will now be convinced that it is not practicable what he did propose to himself—having a command in Flanders—though, at the same time, I doubt he designs what will be almost as prejudicial unto him, and to his own and your interests, which is to carry his wife and family into England and live in London ; at least, leave her there, where she has a mind to be, and go himself to Italy. For in this place I find neither of them has a mind to stay, though I assure you they have not wanted such encouragements as might abundantly satisfy any reasonable person. I hear the house they pitch upon to live in there is the Lord Middleton’s, and to take it ready furnished. Who has put him on that choice I cannot tell, and should be loth to suspect Sir Arthur Forbes. This is kept a profound secret from me, but possibly James Clarke may know something of this from Mr. Page, who is the only counsellor my son chooses, because he finds him complying with his humour in all things.’

In another letter the duchess prophesied her son Ossory’s ruin in six months from his going

thither ‘with the charge of a helpless wife and a number of small children.’ He survived scarcely long enough to suffer many of the usual troubles which attend domestic life, when children multiply without the means to support them multiplying in proportion, and friends are apt to look askance at the ‘happy’ authors of their being. He died in 1680, during the lifetime of his father and also his wife. He lies buried in Westminster Abbey, and is known to history as ‘the gallant Earl of Ossory.’ He left two sons, who both inherited the peerage, and two daughters, one of whom married William, ninth Earl of Derby, while the other married her cousin, Henry d’Auverquerque, who was created Lord Grantham, an ancestor, through the female line, of the present Lord Cowper.

## NAN CLARGES, DUCHESS OF ALBEMARLE.

IN the reign of the ‘Merry Monarch’ courtiers and nobles, to say nothing of princes, did not always look to the highest rank in the selection of their wives ; and indeed the same to a certain extent may be said to have been the case during thy puritanical times of the Commonwealth ; for within three years after the execution of Charles I. at Whitehall the daughter of a blacksmith and farrier in the Savoy, John Clarges by name, was fortunate enough in her matrimonial career to secure for her husband a no less celebrated person than General Monk, the Duke of Albemarle. To John Clarges is attributed the setting up of the Maypole in the Strand, at the time of the Restoration, upon its former site. Clarges was farrier to the Duke, then plain

Colonel Monk. He lived over his forge at the junction of the Strand and Drury Lane, near the spot where the historic ‘Maypole’ was set up. He gave his daughter an education suited to the employment to which she was brought up, namely, that of a milliner. As the manners of young people are generally formed in early life, Anne—or as she was usually called “Nan”—Clarges retained something of the blacksmith’s daughter about her even after her elevation to a coronet with strawberry leaves.

On one fine morning in the summer of 1632 Anne Clarges was married, in the church of St. Lawrence Poultney, in the City of London, to one Thomas Ratford, the son of another man of the same name, who had been a farrier, and a servant in the employment of Prince Charles, and was resident in ‘the Mews,’ no doubt the King’s Mews at Charing Cross, on the spot now covered by the National Gallery. After their marriage we are told that this Thomas Ratford and his wife lived at the ‘New Exchange,’ in the Strand, in a house or shop bearing the sign of the ‘Three Spanish Gipsies.’ Here they

sold such articles of domestic use and requisites for the toilet as wash-balls, powder, and gloves; Mistress Anne Ratford also teaching plain and fancy needlework to such young girls as, wishing to acquire the art and mystery of a sempstress, chose to avail themselves of her services. About 1647 Mistress Ratford was herself acting as sempstress to Colonel Monk; she used to carry his linen to his military quarters, and, as it is alleged, 'had great control and authority over him.' It is even said that when Monk was in 'durance vile,' in the Tower of London, she was kind to him in more than one capacity. It must be remembered that he was then in want, and that she assisted him; and when afterwards she became his wife he had so high an opinion of her understanding that he often consulted her in important matters. As she was a thorough Royalist, it is probable that she really had a hand in bringing about the restoration of the monarchy. But nothing is more certain than that the brave commander, who was never afraid of bullets, was often terrified by the tongue of his wife.

In 1648 her father and mother died; and in

the following year, some little domestic squabble or grievance having arisen, she and her husband separated. Whether Anne Clarges (or Ratford) had given up the stall in the ‘New Exchange,’ or whether her husband was really dead, is not, and never will be known, for no certificate from any parish register appears to have been forthcoming to prove his burial ; but at all events, in 1652, the lady herself saw no impediment to her entering a second time into the connubial state, and accordingly in the above-mentioned year she was married at the church of St. George-the-Martyr, in Southwark, to the gallant colonel, a name of importance in English history, and one whom we afterwards know as the chief instrument of the restoration of the monarchy. In the following year she was delivered of a son, Christopher, of whom we shall hear more presently.

In 1660 the dukedom of Albemarle was conferred on Monk (who had now become a general) ; but the coronet of strawberry-leaves does not appear to have rested very becomingly upon the brow of the duchess ; for, as Pepys tells us in his gossiping diary, ‘she became the

laughing-stock of the Court, and gave general disgust'—of course, he means among the ladies. Pepys tells us, by the way, how he went to Westminster Hall, and bought among other books one of the 'Life of our Queen,' which he read at home to his wife. 'But,' he adds, 'it was so sillily written that we did nothing but laugh at it. Among other things, it is dedicated to that paragon of virtue and beauty, the Duchess of Albemarle.' Indeed, it may be added that she was not at all handsome or attractive, or even cleanly in appearance; and that her mother was one of the five women-barbers of Drury Lane, and a person of no high repute for her morals. A ballad is extant, written upon her and her four companions; the burden of it is :

‘Did you ever know the like,  
Or ever hear the same,  
Of the five women-barbers  
That lived in Drury Lane?’

The duke died in January, 1669, leaving the above-mentioned son, Christopher, who became, or at all events was called, the second duke, and who was appointed Governor of Jamaica

in 1687 : he died there without issue in the same year, when his titles became extinct.

A few years later, namely in November, 1700, a *cause célèbre* was heard at the bar of the King's Bench, in which the name of Anne Clarges, Duchess of Albemarle, was brought prominently before the public. It was an action for trespass between William Sherwin, plaintiff, and Sir Walter Clarges, bart., defendant. The plaintiff, as heir and representative of Thomas Monk, Esq., elder brother of George, Duke of Albemarle, claimed the manor of Sutton, in Yorkshire, and also other lands in Newton, Eaton Bridge, and Shipton, as heir-at-law to the said duke, against the defendant, to whom they had been left by his only son and successor Christopher, the second duke. At the trial several witnesses were brought forward to swear that they had seen Thomas Ratford, her Grace's first husband, alive as lately as January 1669-70, many years after her marriage with the first duke and the birth of the second. In opposition to this evidence it was contended that all along, during the lives of Dukes George and Christopher, this matter was never ques-

tioned; that the latter was universally received as the lawful son of the former; and, further, that the matter had been thrice already tried at the bar of the King's Bench, where the defendant had gained three verdicts. One witness swore that he owed Ratford five or six pounds, which he had never demanded; and a man who had married a cousin of the Duke of Albemarle swore that he had been told by his wife that Ratford died five or six years before the duke married. The 'benefit of the doubt' was given by the judge to the side of equity and leniency. In summing up, the Lord Chief Justice Holt thus addressed the jury: 'If you are certain that Duke Christopher was born whilst Thomas Ratford was living, you must find for the plaintiff; if you believe that he was born after Ratford was dead, or that nothing appears of what became of him after Duke George married his first wife, you must find for the defendant.'

In the end a verdict was given for the defendant, who was the only son of Sir Thomas Clarges, brother of the duchess, and who was created a baronet in 1674; he owned the

property on which Clarges Street, Piccadilly, now stands.\*

It only remains to add that 'Nan' Clarges, Duchess of Albemarle, and ex-sempstress, died within a few days of the duke, her husband, in 1669, and was buried by his side in Henry the Seventh's chapel in Westminster Abbey.

\* We are told in Evelyn's diary that a Mr. Neale took from Sir Walter Clarges a large piece of ground on the north side of Piccadilly, agreeing to lay out £15,000 in building : but he did not do so, and Sir Walter, having after great trouble got the lease out of his hands, built on it what is now called Clarges Street.

## MARGARET, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

A SHORT account of the life and career of this lady may not, perhaps, be wholly void of interest. That she was a learned lady may be inferred from the fact that she was the author of thirteen published volumes of prose and poetry; among these is her Autobiography; and it is only right to say that I have drawn largely on its contents in compiling the present paper. Those who make a pilgrimage to Westminster Abbey, will see in the north transept a magnificent tomb of alabaster and marble, with the recumbent figure of a cavalier and his lady, the former grasping in his hand a truncheon, while she holds a book in hers. Below they will read the following inscription: ‘Here lyes

the Loyall Duke of Newcastle and his Dutches, his second wife, by whome he had noe issue ; her name was Margarett Lucas, youngest sister to the Lord Lucas of Colchester, a noble familie ; for all the brothers were valiant, and the sisters virtuous. This Dutches was a wise, wittie, and learned lady, which her many books doe well testifie. She was a most virtuous and a loving and careful wife, and was with her lord all the time of his banishment and miseries ; and when he came home never parted from him in his solitary confinement.' This refers to William, first Duke of Newcastle, and his duchess, the youngest daughter of Sir Charles Lisle (who was killed at the siege of Colchester). The lady seems to have been a 'blue-stocking' from her earliest years ; at all events she writes : 'It pleased God to command his servant nature to endue me with a poetical and philosophical genius even from my birth : for I did write some books of that kind before I was twelve years of age, which, for want of good order and method, I would never divulge.'

In 1643 she entered the court of Queen Henrietta Maria ; but her bashfulness and reti-

cent nature, her gravity, and her timidity, but ill-assorted with courtly manners then. She soon expressed a wish to return home; but this desire was overruled by her mother, and she accordingly remained nearly two years, attending her royal mistress in her flight to France.

It was at this time, in 1645, that the Marquis of Newcastle, living in exile on the Continent, saw her at Paris, and chose her as his second wife. Agitated with apprehensions that the royal cause was hopelessly lost after the battle of Marston Moor, aware that for himself there was little to be expected from the enemy, and mortified by the treatment which he had experienced from Prince Rupert, the marquis left England with his sons and a small company of friends for Hamburg. Only ninety pounds remained to him of all his vast wealth, and with this, in the words of the duchess, ‘he resolved to seek his fortune.’ Upon the Continent, we are told, ‘he was everywhere respectfully received and entertained, as well as for the grandeur of his former estate as for his noble gallantry of demeanour.’ The duchess narrates that:

‘After my lord was married, having no estate

or means left him to maintain himself and his family, he was necessitated to seek for credit and live upon the courtesy of those that were pleased to trust him, which, although they did for some while, and showed themselves very civil to my lord, yet they grew weary at length, insomuch that his steward was forced one time to tell him that he was not able to provide a dinner for him, for his creditors were resolved to trust him no longer. My lord, being always a great master of his passions, was—at least showed himself—not in any manner troubled at it, but in a pleasant humour told me that I must of necessity pawn my clothes to make so much money as would procure a dinner.'

After they had been married some two or three years, the marquis and marchioness quitted Paris, and travelled into Holland, making short stays at Rotterdam and Brabant, and finally settling down at Antwerp. It was from this place that her ladyship came to England to seek relief, but to no purpose. During her stay in England on this occasion, the marchioness wrote a book of poems, and also a little volume entitled 'Philosophical Fancies.'

Notwithstanding their vicissitudes, they seem to have lived very happily together, cherishing similar pursuits, and enjoying as often as possible the quiet pleasures of country life. ‘Howsoever our fortunes are,’ writes her ladyship, ‘we are both content, spending our time harmlessly; for my lord pleaseth himself with the management of some few horses and exercises himself with the use of the sword, which two arts he has brought by his studious thoughts, rational experience, and industrious practice to an absolute perfection.’

The humour and disposition of the lady are thus set forth in her own words in the memoir above referred to:

‘As for my humour, I was from childhood given to contemplation, being more taken and delighted with thoughts than in conversation with society, insomuch as I would walk two or three hours, and never rest, in a musing, considering, contemplating manner, reasoning with myself of everything my senses did present; but when I was in the company of my natural friends I was very attentive of what they said and did. For strangers I regarded

not much what they said ; but I observed their actions, whereupon my reason as judge, my thoughts as accusers or excusers, or approvers and commanders, did plead or appeal or complain thereto. Also I never took delight in closets or cabinets of toys, but in the variety of fine clothes and such toys only as were to adorn my person. Likewise I had a natural stupidity towards the learning of any other language than my native tangue ; for I could sooner and with more facility understand the sense, than remember the words, and the want of such memory makes me so unlearned in foreign languages as I am.'

With regard to her habits of life, she writes :

'I was never very active, by reason I was given so much to contemplation ; besides, my brothers and sisters were for the most part serious and staid in their actions, not given to sport or play, or dancing about, whose company, I keeping, became so too . . . . As for my study of books, it was little ; yet I chose rather to read than to employ my time in any other work or practice. But my serious study could not be much, by reason I took great delight in

attiring, fine dressing, and fashions, especially such fashions as I did invent myself, not taking that pleasure in such fashions as were invented by others. I did dislike that any should follow my fashions, for I always took delight in a singularity, even in accoutrements of habits. But whatsoever I was addicted to, either in fashions of clothes, contemplation of thought, actions of life—they were lawful, honest, honourable, and modest, which I can avouch to the world with a great confidence, because it is a pure truth.'

We can hardly wonder that she formed a lofty estimate of her own poems when she was flattered by such men as Digby, Hobbes, and Bishop Pearson, to say nothing of sundry high-flown praises which were addressed to her by the Dons of Cambridge, who seem to have regarded her as a goddess. In an epistle to the duke, her husband, she says that, when her books first came out, the world would not give her credit of having written them, thinking 'that those conceptions and fancies transcended her capacity,' and that she had 'plucked feathers from the Universities.'

Her husband was among the first to repair to the Hague to congratulate King Charles II. on the Restoration. Soon after this he retired into the country and set himself to the work of repairing his estates. The duchess computed his losses at £941,303. But the wisdom and economy of the duke enabled him, before he died, to recover in some measure his former magnificence. He was raised to the dukedom in 1664, and died in 1676, having survived his celebrated duchess about three years.

The very few persons who have read the ‘Autobiography of Margaret, Marchioness, and afterwards Duchess, of Newcastle,’ will feel disposed to accord to that lady a very distinguished place among the female worthies of the seventeenth century, though her prose and her poetry are alike forgotten now. In an age of great public and private laxity, she ‘kept the even tenor of the way’ in the most exalted position, excellent alike in her capacity as daughter, sister, wife, and mother; while, by her writings, she has shown the world that, without talents of the very highest order, she could adorn her high station with the graces of a cultivated taste and

educated mind ; and even in a gloomy period of sorrow, danger, and distress she could influence those around her no less by her example than by precept, in favour of all that was noble and generous in itself, and sustain the spirits and the hopes of her lord, when exile and ruin stared him in the face.

The records of her life are scanty enough. They consist of two small volumes, printed by the late Sir Egerton Brydges, at his private printing press at Lee Priory, Kent; the one consisting of thirty-six pages, and the other of only twenty-five; and of one work only twenty-five copies were printed, and only fifty of the other. Both volumes are now exceedingly rare, and I presume that I might seek in vain for the original manuscript in the library of the Cavendishes at Chatsworth, or in that of the present Duke of Newcastle at Clumber. The one volume is entitled, ‘A true Relation of the Birth, Breeding, and Life of Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, Written by Herselfe ;’ and the other, ‘Select Poems, by Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle.’ Sir E. Brydges tells us in his ‘Advertisement’ to the former, that it is taken

‘from the Duchesse’s folio volume entitled, “Nature’s Pictures drawn by Fancy’s Pencil,” which volume,’ he adds, ‘is accompanied by the celebrated, very rare, and exquisite print of the Duke and his family, by Diepenberg.

## THE LORDSHIP OF LORNE.

THE district of Argyleshire, which is commonly known as ‘Lorn’ or ‘Lorne,’ occupies the northern portion of the county, from Oban and Dunstaffnage, at its western extremity, to the borders of Perthshire on the east. It is cut in two by the romantic and beautiful Loch Etive, and is separated on the west by a variety of narrow channels from the district of Morven. The district, in very ancient times, was traditionally possessed by the MacDougals, a family in those days almost as powerful as the MacDonalds, ‘Lords of the Isles.’ From the MacDougals it came into the royal house of Stuart; and it will be remembered that among the victories gained by Bruce in his eventful career was one over the then Lord of Lorne, in the pass of Awe.

The broad lands of Lorne passed into the hands of the Campbells of Lochow, the direct ancestors of the present ducal house of Argyll, about four hundred years ago ; and it is remarkable that they were acquired, not by force of arms, but by a fortunate marriage. Sir Bernard Burke tells us that Sir Colin Campbell, of Lochow, in recognition of the great additions which he had made to the estates of the house of Campbell, and to his achievements in war, acquired the name of ‘More,’ or the Great, and that from him the head of his descendants, down to the present day, is known among his Gaelic tenantry and clansmen as ‘MacCallum More.’ He received the honour of knighthood in A.D. 1280, from the hands of Alexander III. of Scotland, and eleven years later was one of the nominees of Robert Bruce in his contest for the Scottish crown. This renowned and gallant chieftain was slain in a contest with his powerful neighbour, the Lord of Lorne, at a place called the ‘String of Cowal,’ where an ugly obelisk of large size is erected over his grave. This event occasioned feuds for a series of years between the neighbouring Lairds

of Lochow and Lorne, which were terminated at last by the marriage of Colin, second Lord Campbell of Lochow, and first Earl of Argyll, Lord High Chancellor of Scotland at the close of the fifteenth century, with Isabella Stuart, the eldest daughter and heiress of John, Laird of Lorne. In consequence of this union Colin Campbell added to the arms of his ancestors the 'galley,' which still figures in the Campbell shield, and he assumed the additional title of 'Lord of Lorne.'

The Marquisate of Lorne was created in 1701 in favour of Archibald, tenth earl and first Duke of Argyll, in recompense for his services to the new monarch in the troubled times immediately after the Revolution of 1688. It is thought probable in well-informed circles that in the course of a few months the broad lands of Lorne will probably be raised into a duchy, in favour of the present Marquis of Lorne, as there are objections to a son-in-law of Her Majesty holding a seat in the Lower House of Parliament;\* and it is obvious that the crea-

\* It is desirable to state that this was written on the eve of the marriage of the Marquis of Lorne with H.R.H. the Princess Louise in 1871.

tion of a new dukedom in favour of the bridegroom-elect will not even be open to the objection that it will make it a permanent addition to the House of Peers; for in the ordinary course of nature Lord Lorne must inherit also his father's title, and as we have a Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, a Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, and a Duke of Richmond, Lennox, and Gordon, so we may possibly have also a Duke of Argyll and Lorne.

A slightly parallel example of a father and son both sitting in the Upper House under two separate creations, which, however, must ultimately be merged into each other, is to be found in the case of the eldest son of the late Duke of Leinster, who was raised to the peerage of the United Kingdom as Baron Kildare in his father's life time.

With the exception of the honours bestowed on her own children, and the somewhat anomalous and exceptional case of the Duchess of Inverness, her Majesty has but once exercised her right of creating a ducal title since her accession to the throne.\* A second ducal title

\* Her Majesty, since that date, has raised the marquisate of Westminster to a dukedom.

—that of Duke of Greenwich—was conferred in the last century on John, second Duke of Argyll; but it became extinct at the death of the grantee, the same nobleman to whom Pope alludes in the well-known lines:—

‘Argyll, the State’s whole thunder born to wield,  
And shake alike the senate and the field !’

## THE ANCIENT EARLDOM OF DESMOND.

IN the early times, long before the arrival of the English under Henry II., nearly the entire county of Cork—the largest of all the counties of Munster, and indeed of all Ireland—formed a separate kingdom, under the rule of princes of the clan or sept of MacCarthy. But the invaders made short work of the native race ; the fair territory over which the sept had held sway for centuries was reduced to submission by Henry, who granted it to Robert FitzStephen and another Norman noble, with the exception of a small portion of land on the southern shore, which was kept in the king's own hands. The larger part of what since King John's days has been the county of Cork, but was formerly the kingdom or princedom of Desmond, is still

vested in the descendants of the early Norman ‘settlers;’ but the old race of MacCarthy, though robbed of its lands, yet survives in the middle and lower classes, though scattered up and down the length and breadth of Munster, Leinster, and Connaught.

But it is not of the Macarthies that I now write, though I could tell how they fought on equal terms with the Barries and the De Burghs, to say nothing of the Geraldines. It is said that at one time they were so powerful that ‘the Geraldines durst not put a plough into the ground in Desmond.’ On their fall, their lands were mainly given to the followers and favourites of the sovereign, and the whole territory of Desmond was made into an earldom, which was conferred by Edward III. in 1330 on Maurice FitzThomas, one of the most popular and most powerful nobles in the southern counties, who had been called in by the Lord Justice to aid him in suppressing an insurrection of the native chiefs. One of these lords, Thomas, commonly known as ‘the great earl,’ from the extent of his possessions, obtained from Edward IV. a charter of incorporation for the town of Youghal, and

even founded here a college and a monastic house. But the Desmonds were proud and fierce, and the great earl rose in rebellion against the English king.

‘The Palatinate—for such it really was—that King Edward granted to the Earl of Desmond . . . . formed the ninth of those petty sovereignties into which the kingdom had been wantonly parcelled, in order to enrich and exalt a few favoured individuals . . . . In fact, these palatine lords had royal jurisdiction throughout their territories ; made barons and knights, and erected courts for civil and criminal causes, as well as for the management of their own revenues, according to the forms in which the king’s courts were established in Dublin. They made their own judges, sheriffs, and coroners ; nor did the king’s writ run in the palatinates.\* Such being the case, it will not be surprising to learn that on one occasion the Earl of Desmond, at the head of nearly ten thousand men, having the O’Briens for his allies, ‘took the field against the combined septs of Leinster, the Nolans, O’Morroughs, and O’Demp-

\* See Thomas Moore’s ‘History of Ireland,’ vol. iii, p. 85.

seys, and, laying waste all their lands, compelled them to submit and give hostages.'

On another occasion the earl refused to attend the king's parliament at Dublin, for which he was arrested and cast into prison, though he was afterwards set free on giving sureties for his future fealty. Not very long after the earl, instead of obeying the royal summons, called together a rival parliament at Callan ; and in the long run made his peace with the king so effectually that he was appointed Governor or Lieutenant of Ireland for life. He survived the appointment, however, only five months, and, dying in the castle at Dublin in 1355, was buried in the church of the Friars Preachers at Tralee. His son and successor, Gerald, called, from his skill in verse, 'The Poet,' held the same post for a short time in 1369, but was killed in an affray near Limerick.

It was at a castle called Mogealey, the ruins of which are still to be seen on the banks of the small river of the Bride, a tributary of the Suir, that Thomas, the Great Earl of Desmond, resided when at the height of his power. An anecdote is related which may serve to illustrate the

rúdeness as well as the hospitality of that period in the South of Ireland. Without consulting his lord, the steward of the Great Earl invited numerous chiefs, or petty princes, of Munster, with their followers and retainers, to spend a month with him at the castle. Crowds accordingly flocked to Mogealey, to the surprise and, it is to be feared, the annoyance also of the earl, as he was not provided, in larder at least, for so large a party for so many days. The steward, meantime, went off on a holiday; and this earl, finding that his stores were nearly exhausted, resolved to save his credit as a host, even at the cost of his castle itself. So he led his company out on a hunting expedition into the neighbouring forests and woods, having given orders to a trusty servant to set fire to the castle, and then, when it was burnt, to say that it was an accident, for such an accident he knew would be regarded by his visitors as a notice to quit. Throughout the morning, during the intervals of the chase, he cast many a long look at the towers of Mogealey, in the earnest hope of seeing the flames burst from the top of his towers. But no such fire arose. The

earl wondered, as well he might, to find that his orders were not carried out. On his return home in the evening it was found that meantime his steward and seneschal had come back, just in time to prevent the servants from firing the building, and had brought with him ‘a large prey’ of cattle and corn, which he had obtained by force and threats—enough, at all events, to keep the earl and his friends in meat for a longer period than it was intended that their revelry should last.

From this time to the reign of Elizabeth, the history of Ireland may be said to be little more than a record of strife between the house of Desmond and the house of Fitzgerald, Barons of Offaley and Earls of Kildare, the heads of the former being alternately masters of the situation and then again all but beggars. Thus, for instance, in the reign of Henry VIII., we find the Earl of Desmond, ‘the noblest man in all the realm,’ petitioning the king for robes to wear in Parliament, likewise for apparel for daily use, ‘whereof he had great lack.’ St. Leger himself, who states this fact, had already given to this once potent earl a gown, a jacket,

a doublet, hose, and other articles of dress, ‘for which he was very thankful, and which he wore in all places where he accompanied the lord deputy.’ The true reason of the hard straits to which he was driven to supply himself with such necessaries is probably to be found in the wasting wars in which he had been engaged in supporting the cause of the king.

In the hands of Gerald, the sixteenth and last earl, the possessions of the house of Desmond had grown to such an excessive size as to be quite unexampled in the history of the three kingdoms. They extended for upwards of one hundred and fifty miles through the counties of Waterford, Cork, Kerry, and Limerick, and comprised more than five hundred and seventy thousand acres, according to the rough estimate of that period, when ordnance surveys were unknown.

Such a wealthy and powerful subject was a standing menace to the royal crown of the Tudors, and it did not need much provocation for Elizabeth to suppress him and his house with a high hand. That royal personage seldom used half measures; and where she laid her

hand the blow was sure to be a heavy one. How heavy we may learn from Baker's Chronicle, who tells the tale of the fall of the Desmonds with affecting simplicity. 'Desmond possessed whole counties, together with the county palatine of Kerry (Cork), and had of his own name and race at least five hundred gentlemen at his command, all of whom, and his own life also, he lost within the space of three years, very few of his house being left alive.'

Appearing in arms against Elizabeth, early in 1578, on one of the mountains of Cork, he proceeded to attack Youghal, which he captured. Some Spanish troops had been landed in the south to aid the Roman Catholic cause, the country having been offered by Pope Gregory XIII. to Philip of Spain; and with these forces Desmond proceeded to garrison some of his many castles. This rebellion caused a long and tedious warfare, by which Munster was largely desolated, and the Earl of Desmond was reduced to so low an ebb that he, his countess, and the Papal Legate were glad to escape with their lives from the Queen's troops. Pursued from one retreat to another, he was forced,

after several narrow escapes, to ‘keep his Christmas in 1582 in a wood near Kilmallock.’ Being attacked here, his followers were all put to the sword, and he and his countess escaped only by remaining under the bank of a river up to their chins in the cold water. About the middle of the following year his chief force, reduced by disease and death to about fifty in all, was surprised in the act of boiling down horseflesh by a party from Kilmallock, when half of them were slain.

The last scene of the earl’s life, however, was the most tragical of all. His necessities having driven him to take some cattle belonging to a poor woman, he was closely pursued by some English musketeers, who, on entering at night a grove in a lonely and mountainous glen near Tralee, found, seated round a hovel, four or five of Desmond’s most faithful followers, who, however, fled on their entrance, leaving behind them one venerable and powerless old man. A soldier aimed at him one blow with his sword, and wounded him in the arm, so that the blood flowed freely. On his repeating the blow, the old man cried out, ‘Spare me; I am

the Earl of Desmond.' The appeal, however, was made in vain; for the soldier at once struck off his head, and sent it to the Earl of Ormond, who 'pickled it in a pipkin,' and packed it off to England, where it was exposed, as usual with the heads of traitors, on London Bridge. The headless body of the once formidable Lord—I had almost written Prince—of Desmond was consigned to an obscure and nameless grave in the little chapel of Killnamana, in the county of Kerry.

The poet Spenser, who writes as an eye-witness of the scenes, thus describes the effects of civil warfare in the south of that green island for which Nature has done so much, and which man has so cruelly marred: 'Any heart would rue the sight. Out of every corner of the woods and glynns (glens) they (the people of Munster) came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs could not bear them; they looked like anatomies of death. They spake like ghosts crying out of their graves; they did eat the dead carriions, happy when they could find them; yea, and one another soon after, insomuch as the very carcases they spared not

to scrape out of their graves ; and, if they found a plot of watercresses or shamrocks, there they flocked as to a feast for the time, yet not able to continue there withal ; so that in a short time there was none almost left, and a most populous and plentiful country suddenly became void of man and beast.'

After the attainder of Desmond his huge estates were forfeited, and distributed piecemeal among various favourites of the English sovereign, and especially among those adventurers who had chosen to settle in Ireland under the protection of the English banner. Upwards of six thousand acres were given by Elizabeth to the Hydes ; and Kilcoleman Castle, as is known to every reader of history, in like manner was presented to Edmund Spenser, the author of the '*Fairy Queen*.' Other and larger tracts of broad lands were given to the Boyles, the St. Legers, the Fitzmaurices, the Fitzgeralds, etc., and many of these still remain in the hands of their descendants.

As for the earldom, it was revived as a title, without the estates, in the noble family of Preston, but became extinct after two genera-

tions. It was again granted, however, by Charles I. to a younger son of the house of Feilding; and its head, the present Earl of Denbigh, is also ‘Earl of Desmond in the kingdom of Ireland.’ But it is an empty title, and nothing more. His lordship owns not an acre of the vast possessions of that gallant earl whose death and forfeiture was really a greater event in the history of the ‘sister kingdom’ than the absorption of many a petty dukedom and princedom in the empire of Germany has proved to be in the history of modern Europe.

## THE GALLANT SIR JOHN CHANDOS.

OF all the Norman families who have made their home in this realm of England, few can boast of a more noble descent, or a more worthy ancestor than the house of Chandos. According to Sir Bernard Burke and the heralds, the founder of the house was one Robert de Chandos, or Chandois, who came over to this country from Normandy, and who proved a great benefactor to the Church in the West of England. The family was for three centuries of knightly rank in Herefordshire; and there is still to be seen in the parish of Much Marcle, near Hereford, the place which is the traditional home of this brave and intrepid race.

But of all the members of the Chandos family not one bears a more honoured name than Sir John Chandos, one of the leaders of the Eng-

lish army in those wars with France which were finally settled, for a time at least, by our victories at Crecy, Poictiers, and Agincourt, in the middle of the fourteenth century. In several of these battles Sir John Chandos took a leading part, and in one of them he lost his life, fighting for king and country, thus showing himself no unworthy descendant of Sir Robert Chandos, the companion-in-arms of William the Conqueror, who, when his brother chieftains began to enlarge their grants by invading Wales, contrived, by the aid of his good sword and stout arm, to carve out for himself a property in Monmouthshire, along the banks of the Usk, round about Carleon. Several of this Sir Robert's descendants, it may be stated here, proved men of note in their day, and from time to time became sheriffs of Herefordshire, and constables of the Castle of Hereford.

John Chandos, though young in years, had already gained renown at the great naval battle of Sluys, on St. John Baptist's Day, 1340, when Edward III. wholly defeated and disabled the fleet of France. Some six years later, having become one of the king's chief counsellors, he

was entrusted with the education of Edward, Prince of Wales, well known to history as the ‘Black Prince,’ so-called from the colour of his armour, which is still preserved in the Tower of London. The Black Prince fought under him and by his side at Crecy; and the tutor and governor of the young hero was made one of the first knights of the Order of the Garter at Windsor. The honour was well deserved, for, as Froissart says, Chandos ‘was one of the best knights in England for wisdom, strength, fortune, high emprise, and good counsel.’

From this time he was hardly ever separated from the Black Prince, and the experience of the master, writes Mr. D. M. Smith, in his ‘Tales of Chivalry and Romance,’ contributed principally to the glory of the pupil. The success of the battle of Poictiers, for example, is to be attributed chiefly to Chandos, who, on seeing the French cavalry in disorder, cried out, ‘Sire, charge, and the day is yours.’ After the battle Sir John Chandos, like a true knight, was most active in enforcing the duty of mercy and courtesy towards the vanquished.

Having accompanied the Black Prince to London, where he was received with all marks of hon-

our and triumph, Sir John returned to France to take part in the war then being waged in Bretagne by the English under the Duke of Lancaster, as the earl was now called, for the ducal title had but recently been introduced into England.

It was during this campaign that Chandos first met the most brilliant leader of France, Bernard du Guesclin. These men showed themselves not only the most generous, but the most courteous of adversaries, rivals in magnanimity as well as in military renown. The occasion of their first meeting is said to have been the illegal capture of Du Guesclin's brother Oliver, during a season of truce, by an English knight. At this time the English were besieging the town of Dinan, which was defended by the French under Bertrand du Guesclin. 'It must, therefore,' writes Mr. Smith, 'have somewhat startled the lords and chief officers of the English camp to see the leader of their enemies coming in amongst them, trusting only to their honour and to the courteous usages of knighthood.' The French knight demanded satisfaction for the wrong done; the English knight had to enter the lists with Du Guesclin, and was beaten; and the English soon after raised the siege.

In the next year, Chandos was named, along with Sir Walter Manny and the Dukes of Lancaster and Warwick, to represent the King of England at a conference for bringing about peace between the two kingdoms; and so pleased was Edward with his brave warrior and counsellor, that he made him Constable of Aquitaine and Lieutenant-General of all the English possessions in France, at the same time bestowing on him the viscountcy of St. Sauveur, in Cotentin, with a fair estate.

At the battle of Auray he took prisoner his old foe and rival Du Guesclin. But the Black Prince was so elated with his successes that he began to act harshly and tyrannically in Aquitaine. In vain did his old tutor remonstrate with him; the Black Prince, like many another young man before and after him, would not listen to the counsels of experience. All Gascoigne was soon up in arms against the English, and the Gascons applied openly to the French king for aid in resisting the tyranny and extortions of the enemy. When it was too late, the Prince saw his mistake; the tragedy was working towards its gloomy conclusion. On the last night of the year 1370, Sir John Chandos, as

General of the Forces in Poictou, sent forth a summons to all the barons and knights of the province to meet him at Poictiers on a second expedition. Three hundred knights, among whom was Sir Thomas Percy, answered to his call. He led them out, not telling them their destination; but at midnight they found themselves beneath the walls of St. Salvain, with orders to mount their ladders, and scale the walls. But it was not to be. The night passed away, and in the morning it was found that the French had taken the field, and were near Poictiers. At once Sir John Chandos resolved to encounter them, though his forces were few and ill-provided with food and arms. Unhappily, Sir John Chandos, though on horseback, wore a long, flowing robe, and, slipping on the miry ground, got his feet entangled in it. At that moment a French knight poised his lance, and thrust it into the face and neck of the English knight, who fell mortally wounded. The victory seemed to be at first for the French; but Sir John Chandos lived just long enough to see the English forces regain the ‘well-foughten’ field; and he breathed his last almost at the moment of victory.

When the body of the English lord was found, and recovered from among the heaps of the slain, there was great mourning in the camp. The knights and barons of Poictou were grieved at heart. ‘Flower of knighthood and of bravery,’ they cried; ‘Sir John Chandos, cursed was the forging of the lance that wounded thee, and which has cost us thy life.’ Then they stripped his armour off him gently and reverently, and, laying his body on their shields, they bore him to the nearest fortress. But it was all too late. The English mourned their general; but no one grieved for his loss more deeply than the Black Prince himself, whose folly and rashness had cost the King so great a hero. And well might he grieve, for amongst all his comrades-in-arms, though he found many brave heroes and many sage counsellors, he never again found one who was the equal of Chandos, in both the tent and the field—

‘Brave hand in the foray,  
Sage counsel in cumber.’

THE END.

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